SUMMER ISSUE
THE HUMAN TORCH
10¢
NO. 12
COMICS
SUB-MARINER

This one's for you, my friend

"Say not in grief 'he is no more' but live in thankfulness that he was"
—Hebrew proverb

In Memory Of Our Dear Friend

PUCKINFL

August 30, 1978 - February 21, 2007
Be At Peace

SUMMER ISSUE
THE HUMAN TORCH
10
NO. 12
SUB-MARINER

ALL THIS IN ONE MARVELOUS BOOK

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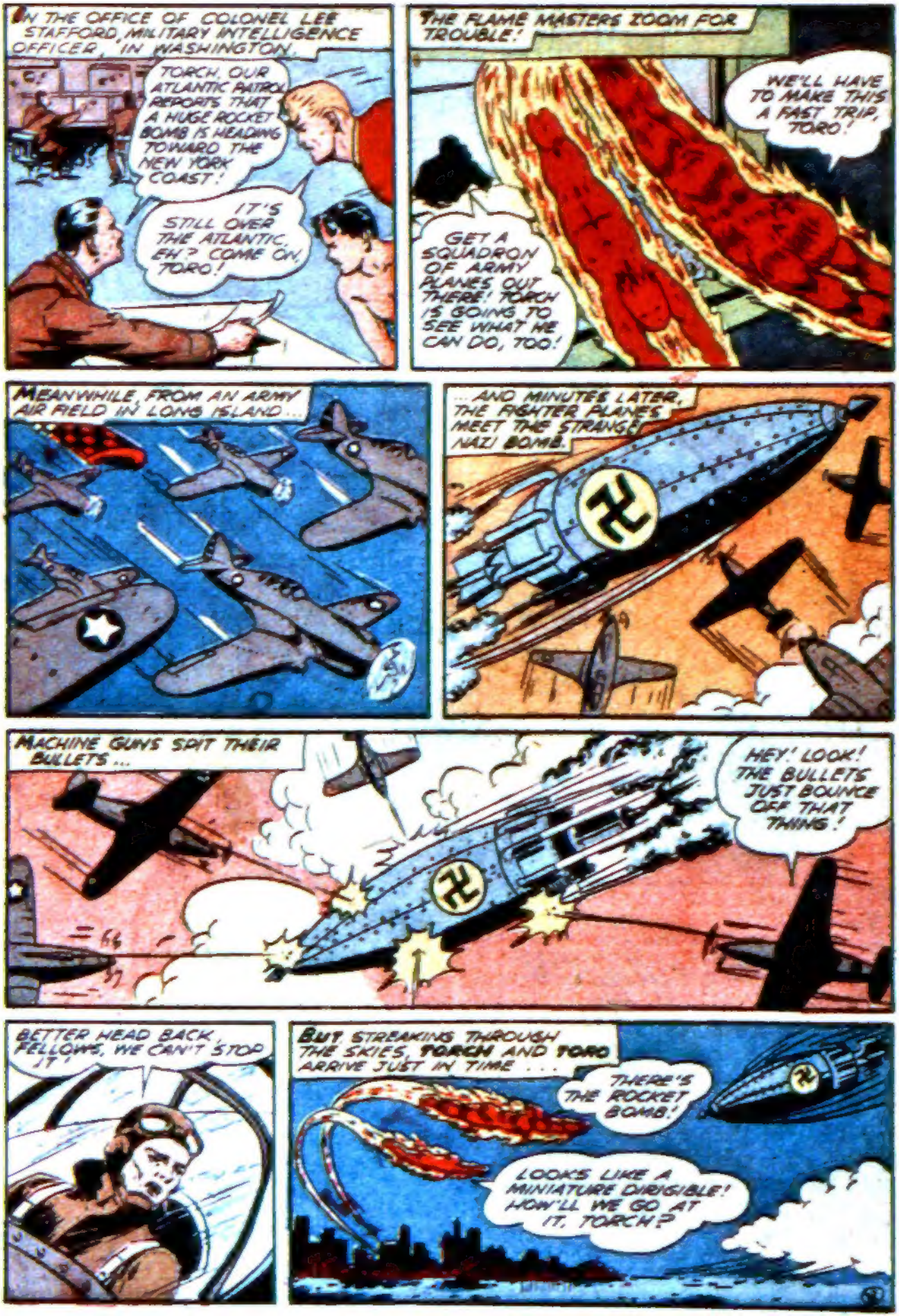
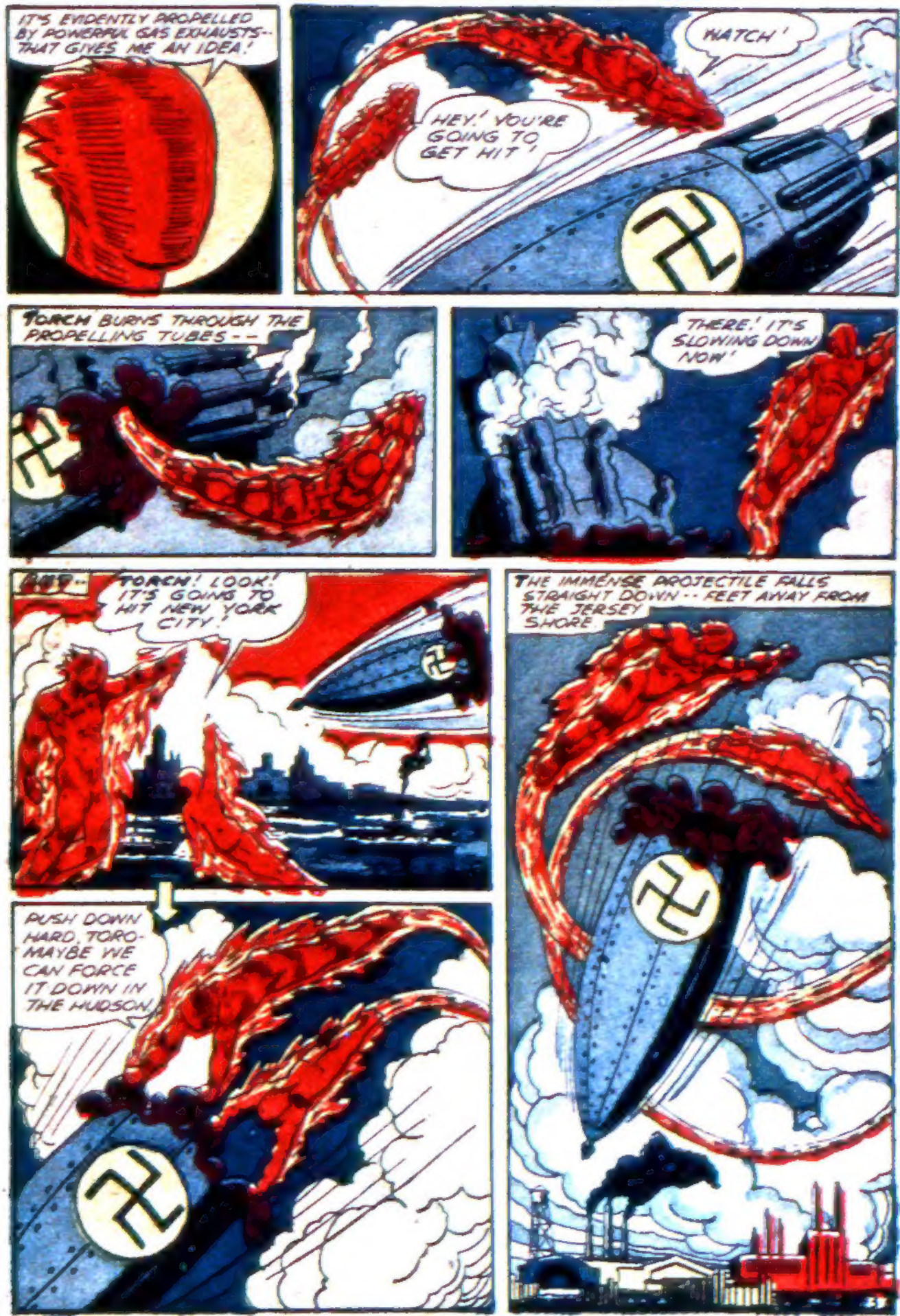
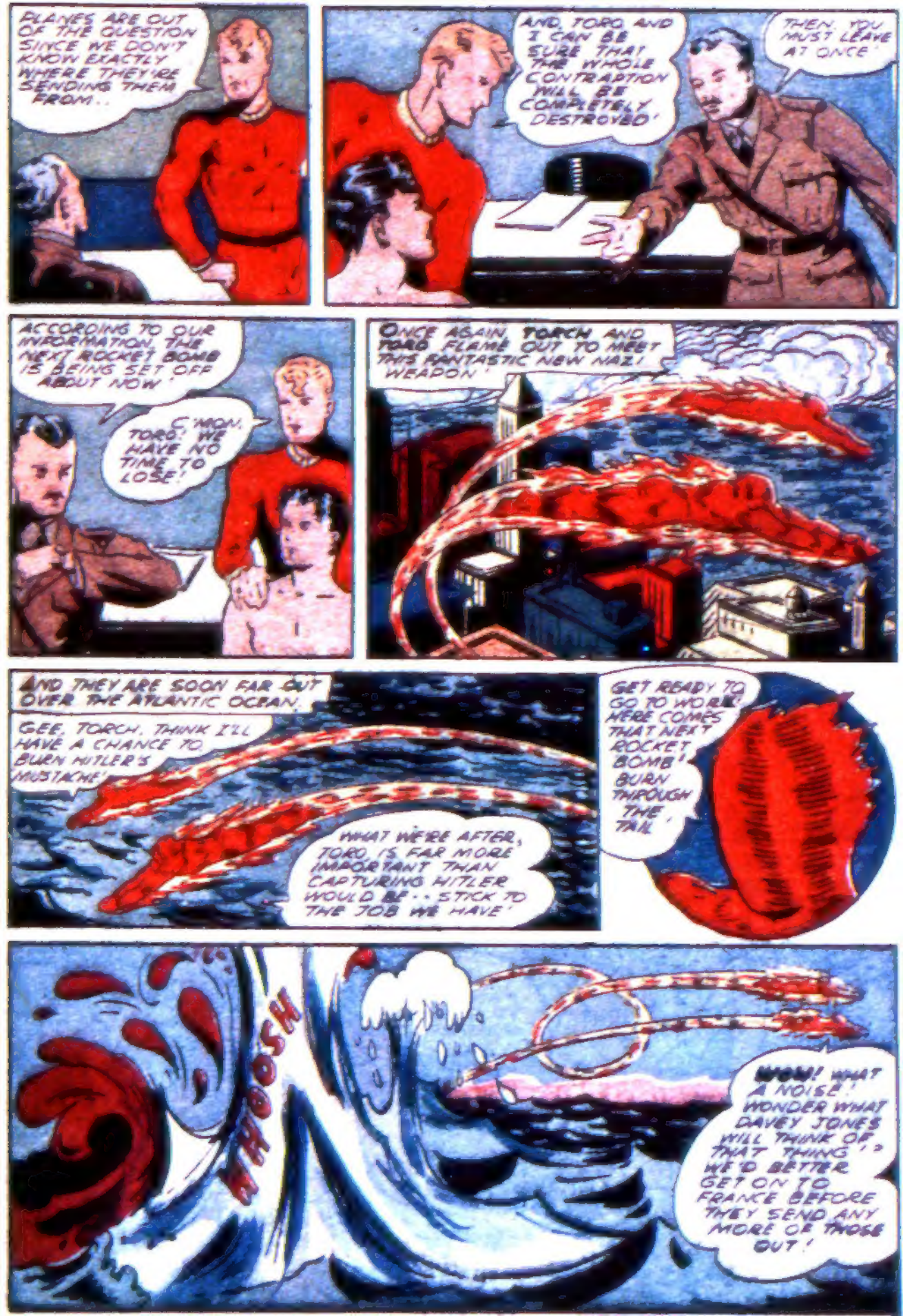
Printed in the U.S.A.

HUMAN TORCH
THE SUPER-MONSTROUS DYNAMITE-LADEN ROCKET WAS HEADING FOR NEW YORK--HEADING WITH DEATH AND DESTRUCTION SWIFTNESS--BUT--TORCH AND TORO FLAME THROUGH IN---
RIDING A ROCKET TO DOOM!


IN THE OFFICE OF COLONEL LEE STAFFORD, MILITARY INTELLIGENCE OFFICER, IN WASHINGTON.
TORCH, OUR ATLANTIC PATROL REPORTS THAT A HUGE ROCKET BOMB IS HEADING TOWARD THE NEW YORK COAST!
IT'S STILL OVER THE ATLANTIC, EH? COME ON, TORO!
THE FLAME MASTERS ZOOM FOR TROUBLE!
WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE THIS A FAST TRIP, TORO!
GET A SQUADRON OF ARMY PLANES OUT THERE! TORCH IS GOING TO SEE WHAT HE CAN DO, TOO!
MEANWHILE, FROM AN ARMY AIR FIELD IN LONG ISLAND...
...AND MINUTES LATER, THE FIGHTER PLANES MEET THE STRANGE NAZI BOMB.
MACHINE GUNS SPIT THEIR BULLETS...
HEY! LOOK! THE BULLETS JUST BOUNCE OFF THAT THING!
BETTER HEAD BACK, FELLOWS, WE CAN'T STOP IT!
BUT STREAKING THROUGH THE SKIES, TORCH AND TORO ARRIVE JUST IN TIME...
THERE'S THE ROCKET BOMB!
LOOKS LIKE A MINIATURE DIRIGIBLE! HOW'LL WE GO AT IT, TORCH?


IT'S EVIDENTLY PROPELLED BY POWERFUL GAS EXHAUSTS-- THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!
HATCH!
HEY! YOU'RE GOING TO GET HIT!
TORCH BURNS THROUGH THE PROPELLING TUBES--
THERE! IT'S SLOWING DOWN NOW!
AND--
TORCH! LOOK! IT'S GOING TO HIT NEW YORK CITY!
THE IMMENSE PROJECTILE FALLS STRAIGHT DOWN -- FEET AWAY FROM THE JERSEY SHORE
PUSH DOWN HARD, TORO-MAYBE WE CAN FORCE IT DOWN IN THE HUDSON

AND HITS THE WATER WITH A SHATTERING ROAR!
GOSH, TORCH.. THOSE PIERS!
MOST OF THEM ARE ABANDONED, TORO.. ANYHOW, IT'S BETTER THAN BLOWING UP THE WHOLE CITY!
BOOM!
AND, THE DANGER IS OVER.
WE'D BETTER GET RIGHT BACK TO WASHINGTON!
RIGHT! COLONEL STAFFORD MUST BE A NERVOUS WRECK BY NOW!
LATER, IN WASHINGTON ONCE MORE
WELL, THE ROCKET BOMB'S BEEN TAKEN CARE OF!
I KNOW, BUT LISTEN TO THIS..
OUR FREE FRENCH AGENTS IN FRANCE REPORT THAT THE GERMANS ARE SHOOTING THE ROCKET BOMBS FROM A POINT NEAR BREST!
BREST? THAT'S AN IDEAL SPOT FOR DOING IT!
YES! IT'S RIGHT ON THE BULGE OF THE FRENCH COAST.. AND WE JUST LEARNED THAT THE NAZIS ARE PLANNING TO SHOOT THESE ROCKET BOMBS EVERY HOUR!
THIS HAS GOT TO BE STOPPED AT THE SOURCE! -- THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO DO THAT! TORO, WE'RE GOING TO FRANCE!

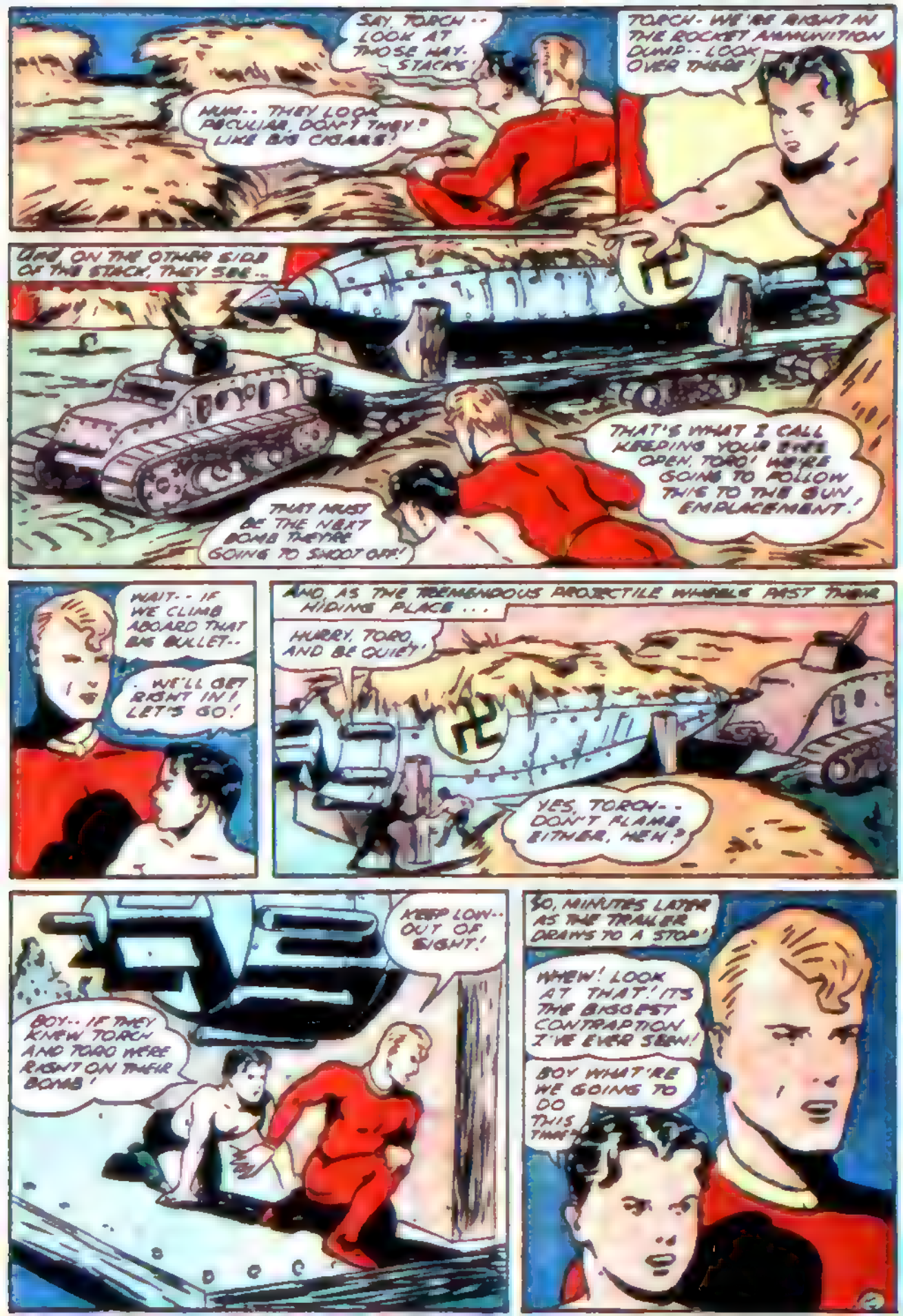

PLANES ARE OUT OF THE QUESTION SINCE WE DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WHERE THEY'RE SENDING THEM FROM..
AND, TORO AND I CAN BE SURE THAT THE WHOLE CONTRAPTION WILL BE COMPLETELY DESTROYED!
THEN, YOU MUST LEAVE AT ONCE!
ACCORDING TO OUR INFORMATION, THE NEXT ROCKET BOMB IS BEING SET OFF ABOUT NOW!
C'MON, TORO! WE HAVE NO TIME TO LOSE!
ONCE AGAIN, TORCH AND TORO FLAME OUT TO MEET THIS FANTASTIC NEW NAZI WEAPON!
AND THEY ARE SOON FAR OUT OVER THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.
GEE, TORCH, THINK I'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO BURN HITLER'S MUSTACHE!
WHAT WE'RE AFTER, TORO, IS FAR MORE IMPORTANT THAN CAPTURING HITLER WOULD BE.. STICK TO THE JOB WE HAVE!
GET READY TO GO TO WORK! HERE COMES THAT NEXT ROCKET BOMB! BURN THROUGH THE TAIL!
WHOOSH
WOW! WHAT A NOISE! I WONDER WHAT DAVEY JONES WILL THINK OF THAT THING! WE'D BETTER GET ON TO FRANCE BEFORE THEY SEND ANY MORE OF THOSE OUT!

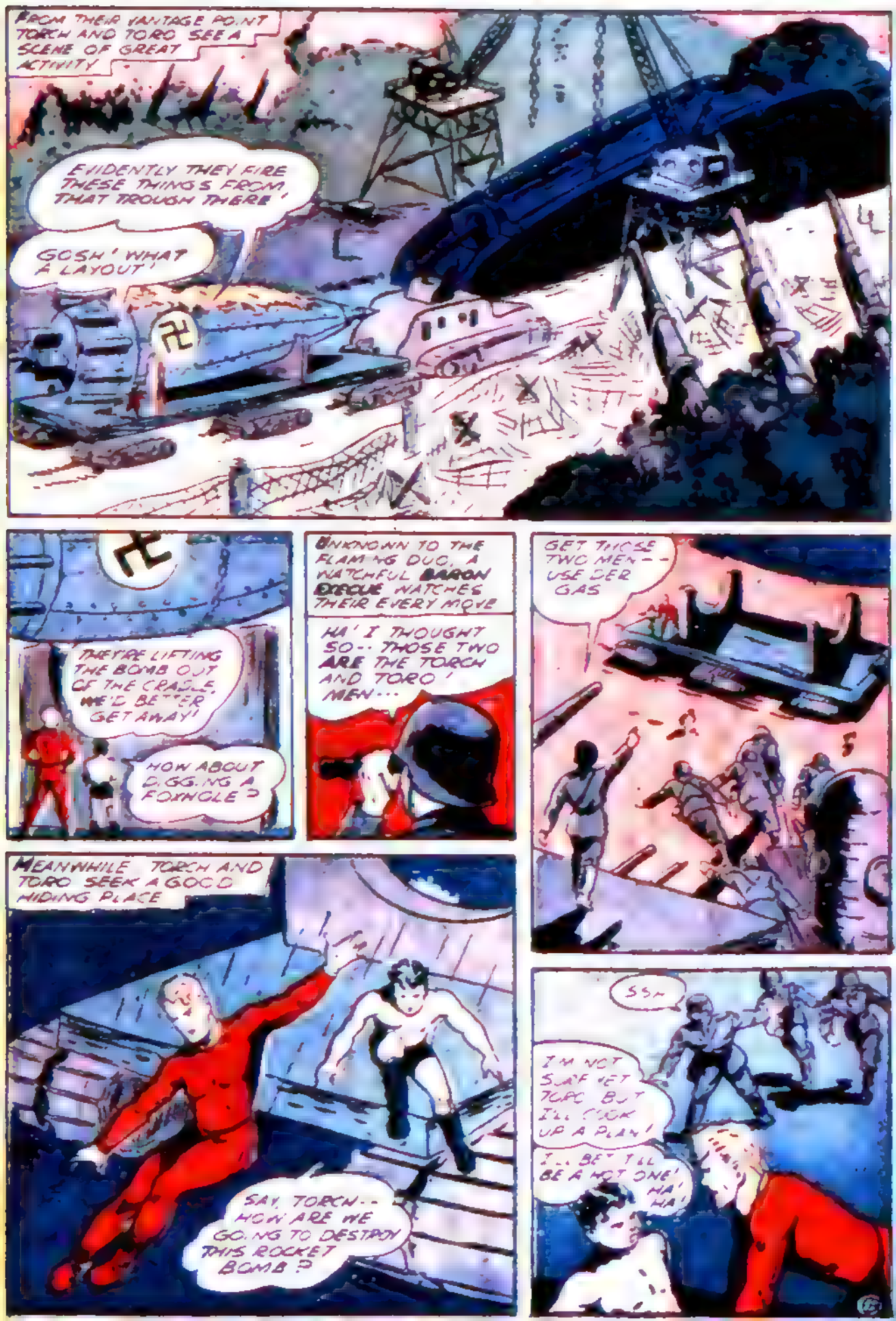
GOT ANY PLANS, TORCH?
NOT YET! THE FIRST STEP WILL BE TO FIND THE EXACT SPOT THEY'RE SHOOTING THEM FROM!
LATER OVER THE FRENCH COAST...
WE'RE ABOUT TEN MILES SOUTH OF BREST -- GUESS WE'D BETTER TAKE TO LAND FROM HERE ON WE'RE TOO NOTICEABLE THIS WAY!
COMMANDO TACTICS, EH?
TORCH AND TORO FLAME DOWN ON FRENCH SOIL.
DOUSE YOUR FIRE, TORO -- I DON'T THINK WE'VE BEEN SPOTTED.
SCOUTING THE COUNTRYSIDE, THEY COME UPON A PITIFUL SCENE -- BUT ONE WHICH INTERESTS TORCH!
GOSH, TORCH, LOOK!
MM! THOSE MEN LOOK LIKE SEAMEN! IF THAT'S SO, THEY'RE BEING EVACUATED FROM SOMEWHERE ALONG THE COAST!
TORCH STEPS FORWARD TO QUESTION ONE OF THE MEN!
SACRÉ! IT IS THE TORCH!
YOU HAVE COME TO HELP US?
YES -- BUT I MUST ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS!
SAY -- THEY RECOGNIZE YOU, TORCH!

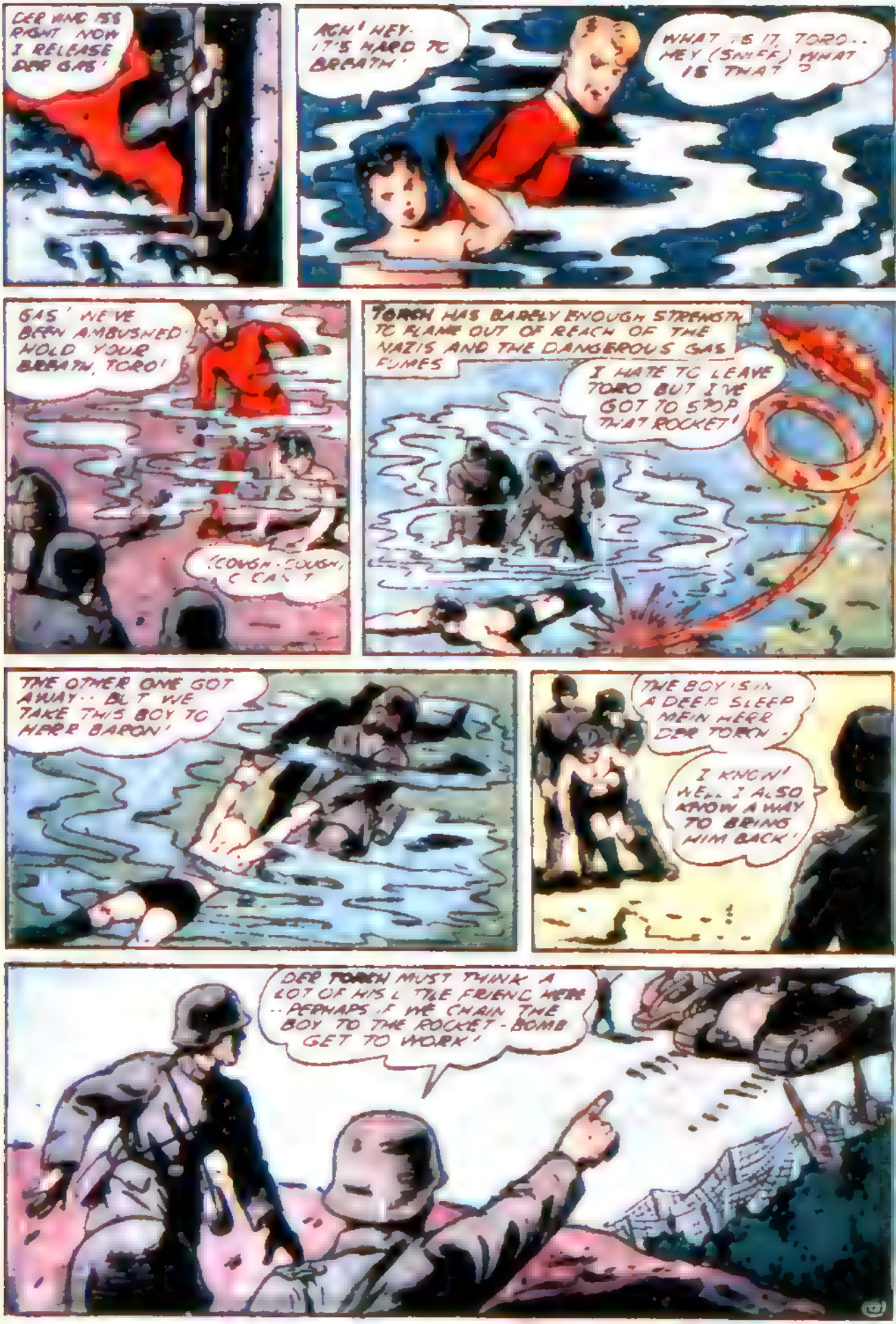
FIRST, WHERE ARE YOU COMING FROM AND WHY?
WE COME FROM BADON, A SMALL VILLAGE ON THE COAST! WHY? BECAUSE THE GERMANS SAY WE MUST LEAVE OUR HOMES!
FOR WEEKS, BARON EFECUE HAS ORDERED US TO REMAIN IN OUR HOMES BECAUSE OF SOME NEW SECRET WEAPON WHICH THE NAZIS THEMSELVES DISCUSS ONLY IN WHISPERS!
TORCH! THAT'S THE ROCKET GUN!
ROCKETS?! YES-- THAT WOULD EXPLAIN THE STRANGE NOISES--
AT THIS MOMENT, TWO NAZI SOLDIERS COME ALONG THE ROAD!
SHAVE! MOVE ON! YOU KNOW YOU ARE ORDERED TO GET OUT OF HERE!
I-I CANNOT WALK ANY FURTHER-- PLEASE
HEY! LOOK AT THOSE MUGS!
VAS IST-- DIS FLAMING MAN!
TORCH FLAMES FOR THE SOLDIERS, HEEDLESS OF ANY DANGER!
SHOOT! SHOOT HIM!
YEAH! GO AHEAD AND SHOOT!
SCRAM, NAZI, OR I'LL SIZZLE YOU BROWN!
I KILL YOU-- I-WHAT!?
AHHH!

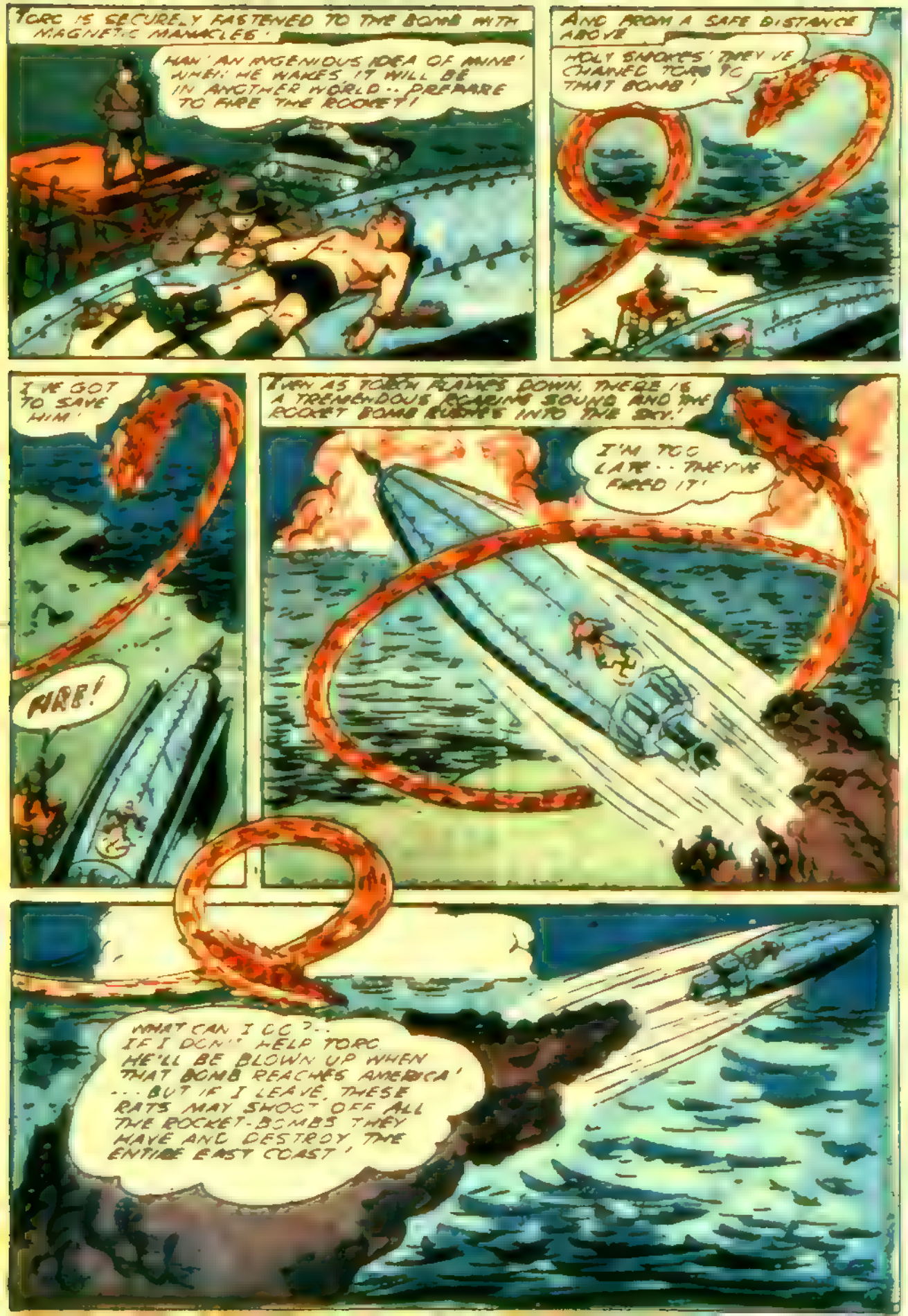
TORO SPINS A HUGE FIRE TOP WHICH DIGS A HUGE PIT IN THE GROUND BEFORE THE AMAZED NAZI SOLDIER'
THE TORCH! 'TIS THE TORCH!
LIKE A STREAK, TORO ZOOMS BEHIND THE NAZI AND
NO, I'M NOT TORCH-- BUT I'LL GROW UP TO THAT SOMEDAY NOW, WATCH!
I DUG THAT HOLE JUST FOR YOU, RAT SO CLIMB IN!
AHHH
THE FRIGHTENED NAZI BACKS AWAY FROM TORO'S FLAME AND FALLS INTO THE PIT!
GUESS YOU WON'T KICK OLD MEN AGAIN IN A HURRY!
YIII!
NICE GOING TORO!
THE NAZI PIGS!
YEAH BUT I GUESS THE NAZIS WILL FIND OUT ABOUT OUR BEING HERE NOW! WE'D BETTER MOVE FAST!
VIVE LA FRANCE!
YOU'RE RIGHT, TORO. LET'S GO BEFORE WE HAVE THE WHOLE GERMAN ARMY ON OUR TRAIL!
AND AS THEY FLAME THROUGH THE SKY
DONNER! THE TORCH! THAT SOLDIER WAS RIGHT!
THAT'S BADON BELOW THE ROCKET GUN MUST BE SOMEPLACE AROUND HERE!
I DON'T SEE ANYTHING YET, TORO!

FIRE! DESTROY THOSE TWO!
THE HUMAN TORCH AND TORO ARE BUFFETED BY THE DELUGE OF FLAK!
HEY!
WATCH IT!
BUT, TORO IS HIT
OW!
WHAM!
COMING TORO! I'LL GET YOU!
TORCH! HELP!
THE EXPLOSION KNOCKS TORO'S FLAME OUT AND HE FALLS DOWN...
TORCH DIVES AFTER HIM AND DOUSES HIS OWN FLAME AS HE GRABS HIM
THEY LAND UNHARMED IN A SMALL LAKE.. SWIM TO SHORE, AND CAUTIOUSLY CLIMB OUT..
WHEW! THANKS! THAT THING KNOCKED THE WIND OUT OF ME I COULDN'T FLAME!
KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN TORO -- THOSE NAZIS WILL BE LOOKING FOR US NOW!


SAY, TORCH -- LOOK AT THOSE HAY-STACKS!
MUM-- THEY LOOK PECULIAR, DON'T THEY? LIKE BIG CIGARS!
TORCH- WE'RE RIGHT IN THE ROCKET AMMUNITION DUMP-- LOOK OVER THERE!
LIKE, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STACK, THEY SEE--
THAT'S WHAT I CALL KEEPING YOUR EYES OPEN, TORO! WE'RE GOING TO FOLLOW THIS TO THE GUN EMPLACEMENT!
THAT MUST BE THE NEXT BOMB THEY'RE GOING TO SHOOT OFF!
WAIT-- IF WE CLIMB ABOARD THAT BIG BULLET--
WE'LL GET RIGHT IN! LET'S GO!
AND, AS THE TREMENDOUS PROJECTILE WHIRLS PAST THEIR HIDING PLACE...
HURRY, TORO, AND BE QUIET!
YES, TORCH-- DON'T FLAME, EITHER, HEN?
KEEP LOW-- OUT OF SIGHT!
BOY-- IF THEY KNEW TORCH AND TORO WERE RIGHT ON THEIR BOMB!
SO, MINUTES LATER AS THE TRAILER DRAWS TO A STOP!
WHEW! LOOK AT THAT! IT'S THE BIGGEST CONTRAPTION I'VE EVER SEEN!
BOY WHAT'RE WE GOING TO DO THIS TIME?

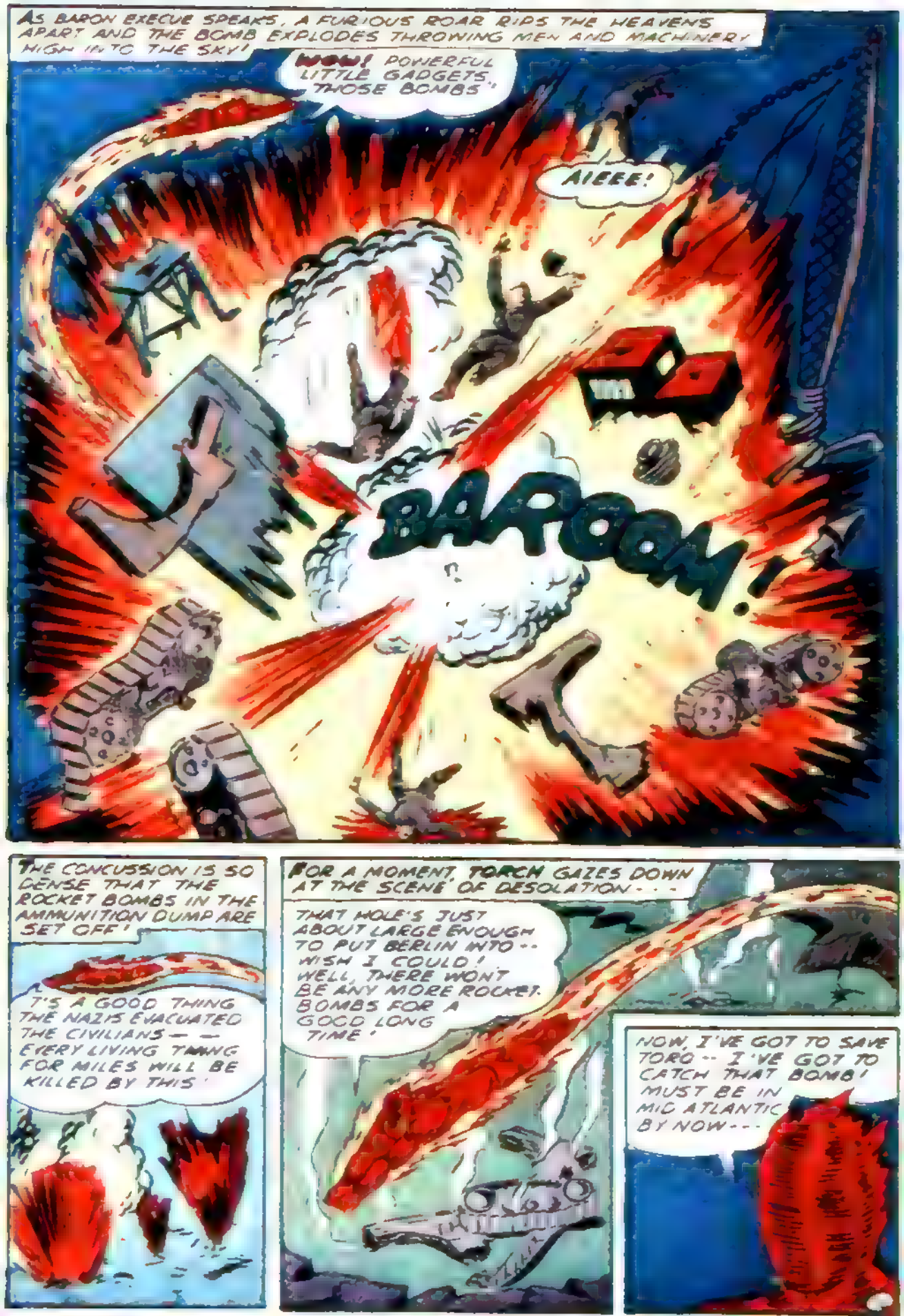

FROM THEIR VANTAGE POINT TORCH AND TORO SEE A SCENE OF GREAT ACTIVITY
EVIDENTLY THEY FIRE THESE THINGS FROM THAT TROUGH THERE!
GOSH! WHAT A LAYOUT!
THEY'RE LIFTING THE BOMB OUT OF THE CRADLE. WE'D BETTER GET AWAY!
HOW ABOUT DIGGING A FOXHOLE?
UNKNOWN TO THE FLAMING DUO, A WATCHFUL BARON STEGUE WATCHES THEIR EVERY MOVE
HA! I THOUGHT SO.. THOSE TWO ARE THE TORCH AND TORO! MEN...
GET THESE TWO MEN -- USE DER GAS
MEANWHILE TORCH AND TORO SEEK A GOOD HIDING PLACE
SAY, TORCH -- HOW ARE WE GOING TO DESTROY THIS ROCKET BOMB?
SSH
I'M NOT SURE YET TORO BUT I'LL CHECK UP A PLAN!
I.. BET IT'LL BE A HOT ONE! HA! HA!

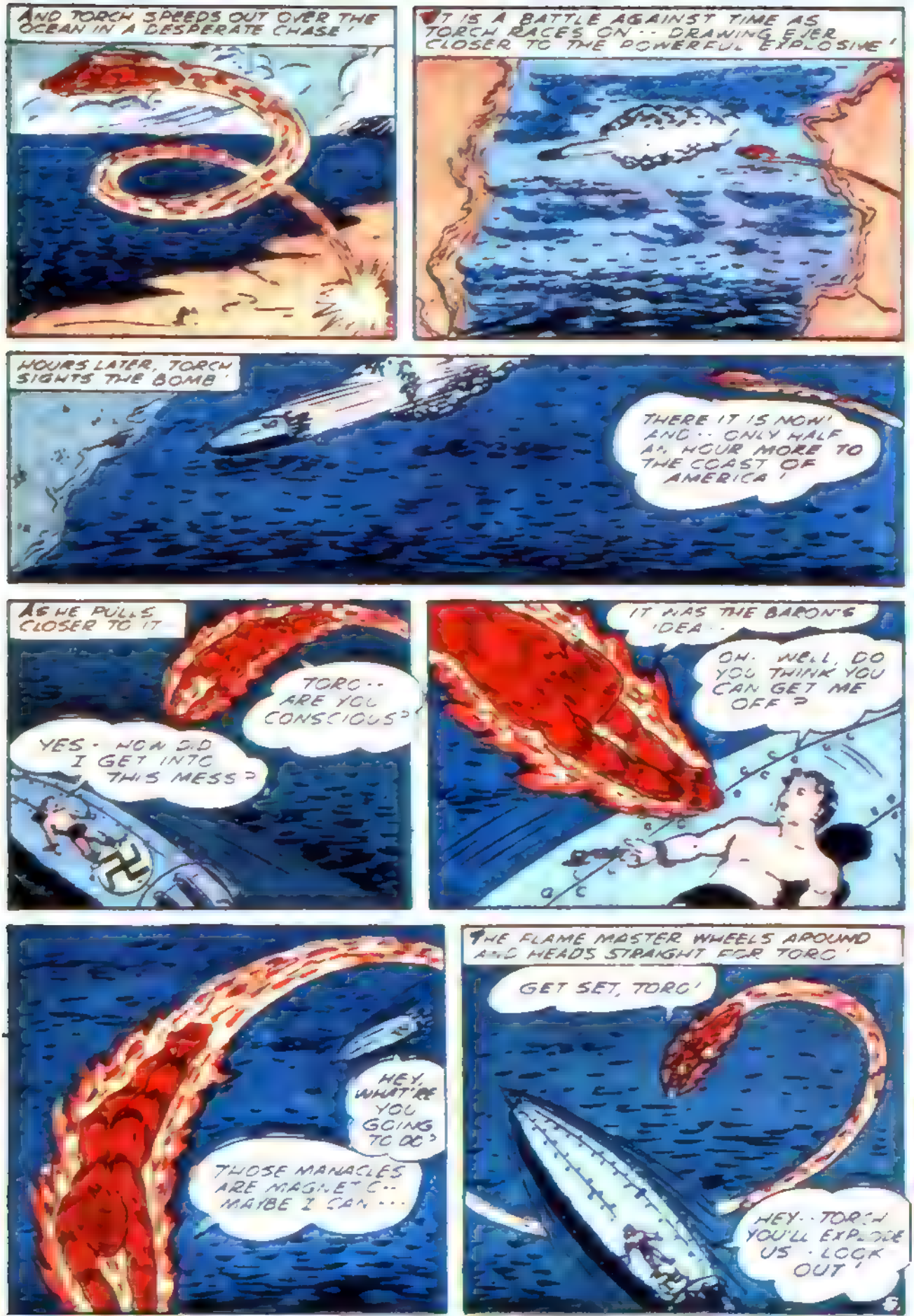

DER WIND IS RIGHT NOW I RELEASE DER GAS!
ACH! HEY. IT'S HARD TO BREATH!
WHAT IS IT, TORO.. HEY (SNIFF) WHAT IS THAT?
GAS! WE'VE BEEN AMBUSHED! HOLD YOUR BREATH, TORO!
(COUGH-COUGH) I CAN'T
TORCH HAS BARELY ENOUGH STRENGTH TO CLAMP OUT OF REACH OF THE NAZIS AND THE DANGEROUS GAS FUMES
I HATE TO LEAVE TORO BUT I'VE GOT TO STOP THAT ROCKET!
THE OTHER ONE GOT AWAY.. BUT WE TAKE THIS BOY TO HERR BARON!
THE BOY'S IN A DEEP SLEEP MEIN HERR DER TORCH
I KNOW! WELL I ALSO KNOW A WAY TO BRING HIM BACK!
DER TORCH MUST THINK A LOT OF HIS L TYLE FRIEND HERE .. PERHAPS IF WE CHAIN THE BOY TO THE ROCKET-BOMB GET TO WORK!

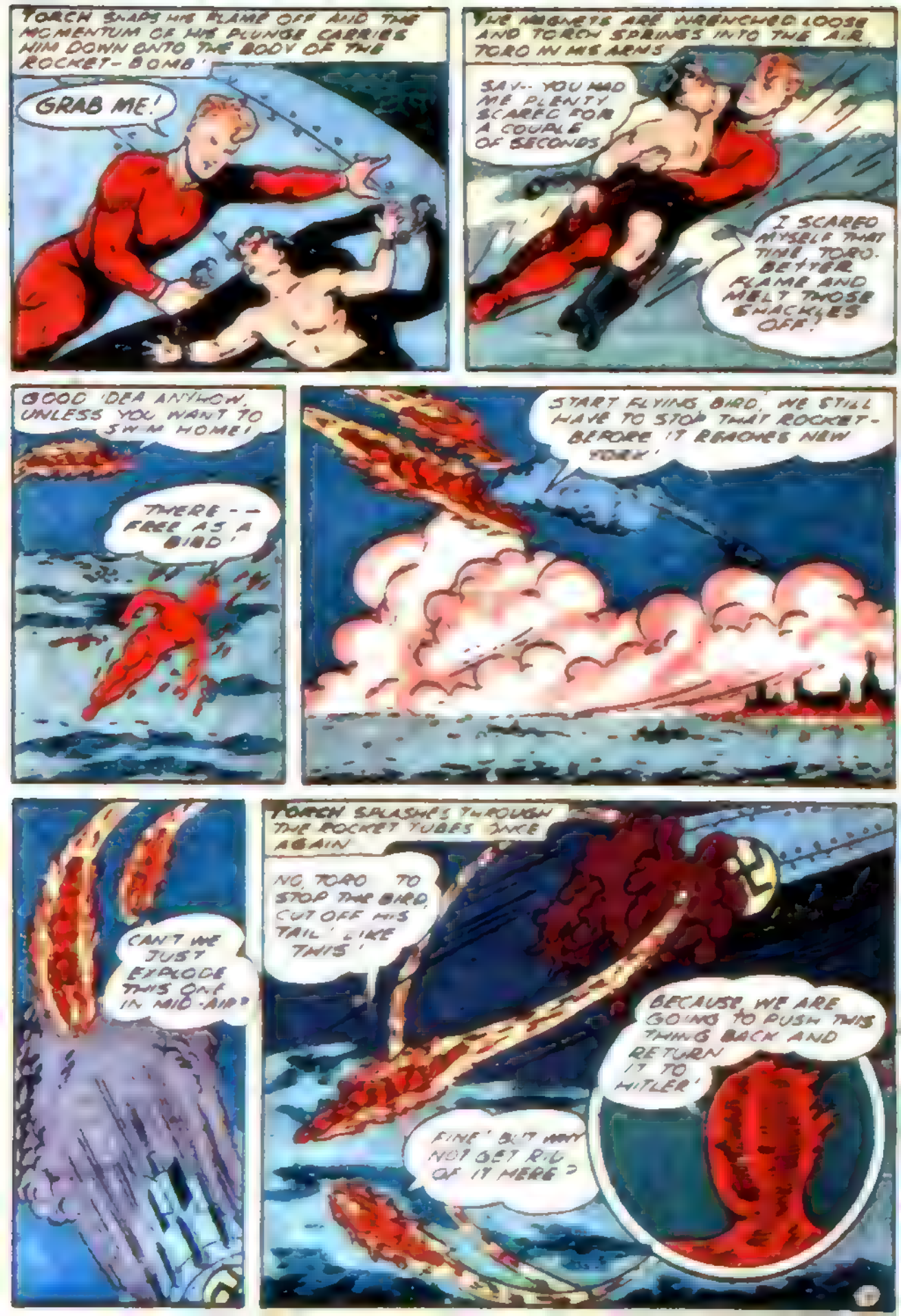

TORC IS SECURELY FASTENED TO THE BOMB WITH MAGNETIC MANACLES!
HAH! AN INGENIOUS IDEA OF MINE! WHEN HE WAKES IT WILL BE IN ANOTHER WORLD.. PREPARE TO FIRE THE ROCKET!
AND FROM A SAFE DISTANCE ABOVE
HOLY SMOKES! THEY'VE CHAINED TORC TO THAT BOMB!
I'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM!
FIRE!
EVEN AS TORCH FLAMES DOWN, THERE IS A TREMENDOUS ROARING SOUND AND THE ROCKET BOMB RUSHES INTO THE SKY!
I'M TOO LATE.. THEY'VE FIRED IT!
WHAT CAN I DO?.. IF I DON'T HELP TORC HE'LL BE BLOWN UP WHEN THAT BOMB REACHES AMERICA! ...BUT IF I LEAVE, THESE RATS MAY SHOOT OFF ALL THE ROCKET-BOMBS THEY HAVE AND DESTROY THE ENTIRE EAST COAST!

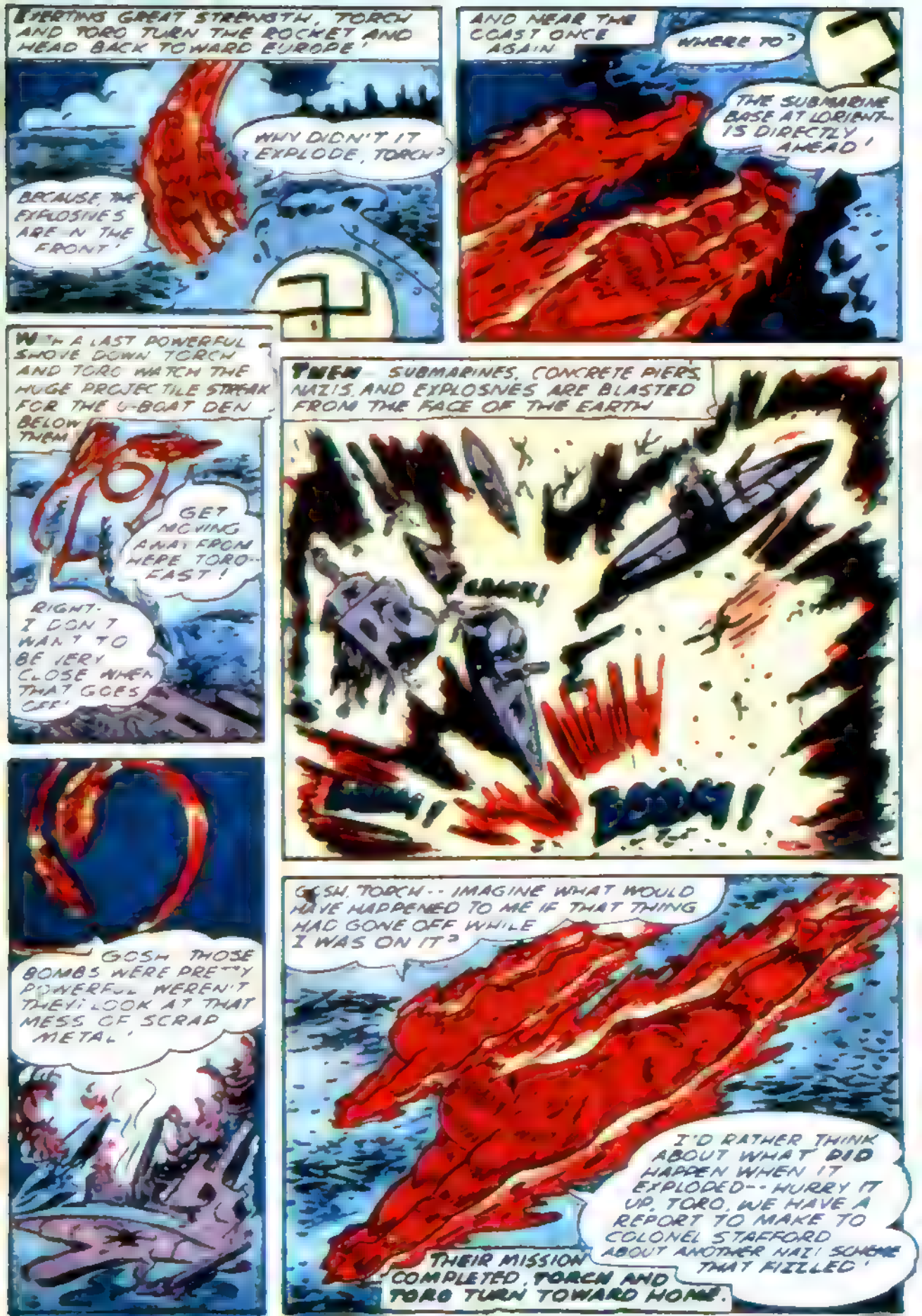
I'M AFRAID TORCH WILL HAVE TO WAIT-MY DUTY IS TO GET THESE SKUNKS FIRST!
TORCH COMES DOWN TO FACE THE NAZI BARON
SURRENDER, TORCH, OR I ORDER MY MEN TO TURN THE WATER ON YOU!
SORRY BARON BUT I HAVE OTHER PLANS!
TURN IT ON! PUT HIM OUT!
BUT, TORCH'S FLAME IS TOO HOT AND WHEN THE WATER HITS HIS BODY, CLOUDS OF STEAM, RISE TO ENVELOPE THE NAZIS!
THIS IS PERFECT-- MY OWN SMOKE SCREEN AND THEY MADE IT!
NOW TO TAKE CARE OF THE JOB I CAME TO DO! AH-- I WAS RIGHT! THEY'RE BRINGING UP ANOTHER ROCKET BOMB! THAT MUST MEAN THEY PLAN TO BOMBARD AMERICA!
I HOPE THAT STEAM KEEPS THE BARON BUSY WHILE I TAKE CARE OF THIS ROCKET!

TORCH FLAMES DOWN ON THE PROPELLING TUBES OF THE TREMENDOUS BOMB
THERE! THESE TUBES ARE WELDED - CLOSED NOW!
AND QUICKLY, ZOOMS AWAY!
THERE HE IS! IN THE AIR! BRING HIM DOWN!
BUT TORCH TURNS AWAY--
WHAT-- HE RUNS?! THE COWARD-- COME, I KNOW WHAT WE DO NOW!
WE SEND THE NEXT BOMB AFTER HIM-- LOAD IT!
AND HIGH ABOVE THEM
GOOD! THEY'RE LOADING THE ROCKET-BOMB!
MINUTES LATER--
CONTACT SWITCHES! --FIRE!
THE SWITCH IS PULLED --- THE ROCKET SHUDDERS BUT DOES NOT MOVE FROM THE CATAPULT!
IT DOES NOT MOVE-- WAS IST?
GOTT MITT UNS- DER TUBES ARE SEALED! IT VILL EXPLODE!

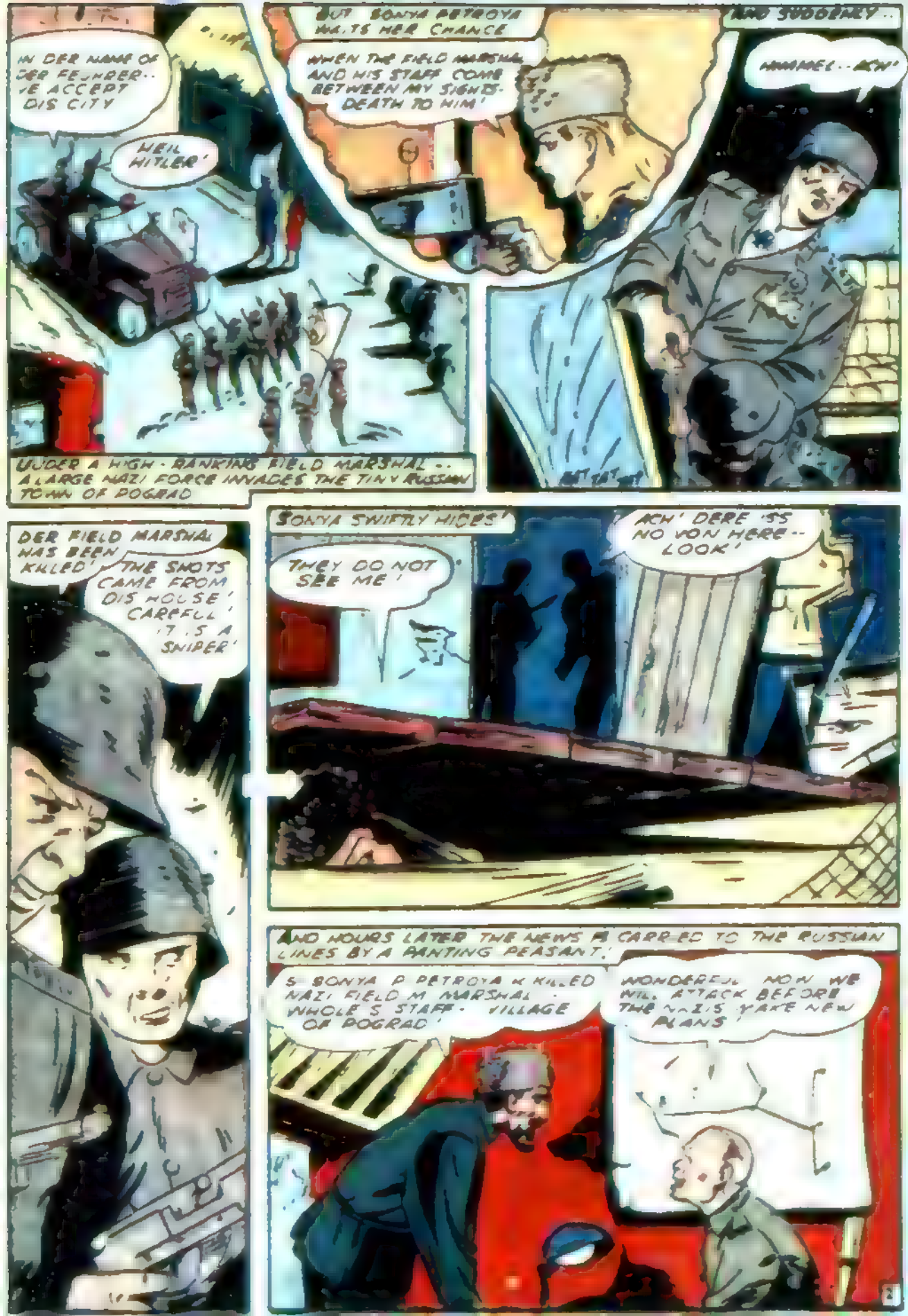

AS BARON EXECUE SPEAKS, A FURIOUS ROAR RIPS THE HEAVENS APART AND THE BOMB EXPLODES THROWING MEN AND MACHINERY HIGH IN TO THE SKY!
WOW! POWERFUL LITTLE GADGETS, THOSE BOMBS!
AIEEE!
BAROOM!
THE CONCUSSION IS SO DENSE THAT THE ROCKET BOMBS IN THE AMMUNITION DUMP ARE SET OFF!
IT'S A GOOD THING THE NAZIS EVACUATED THE CIVILIANS — — EVERY LIVING THING FOR MILES WILL BE KILLED BY THIS!
FOR A MOMENT, TORCH GAZES DOWN AT THE SCENE OF DESOLATION . . .
THAT HOLE'S JUST ABOUT LARGE ENOUGH TO PUT BERLIN INTO -- WISH I COULD! WELL, THERE WON'T BE ANY MORE ROCKET BOMBS FOR A GOOD LONG TIME!
NOW, I'VE GOT TO SAVE TORO -- I'VE GOT TO CATCH THAT BOMB! IT MUST BE IN MID ATLANTIC BY NOW . . .


AND TORCH SPEEDS OUT OVER THE OCEAN IN A DESPERATE CHASE!
IT IS A BATTLE AGAINST TIME AS TORCH RACES ON.. DRAWING EVER CLOSER TO THE POWERFUL EXPLOSIVE!
HOURS LATER, TORCH SIGHTS THE BOMB!
THERE IT IS NOW! AND.. ONLY HALF AN HOUR MORE TO THE COAST OF AMERICA!
AS HE PULLS CLOSER TO IT
TORO.. ARE YOU CONSCIOUS?
YES. HOW DID I GET INTO THIS MESS?
IT WAS THE BARON'S IDEA..
OH. WELL, DO YOU THINK YOU CAN GET ME OFF?
HEY, WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO DO?
THOSE MANACLES ARE MAGNETIC.. MAYBE I CAN...
THE FLAME MASTER WHEELS AROUND AND HEADS STRAIGHT FOR TORO!
GET SET, TORO!
HEY.. TORCH YOU'LL EXPLODE US. LOOK OUT!

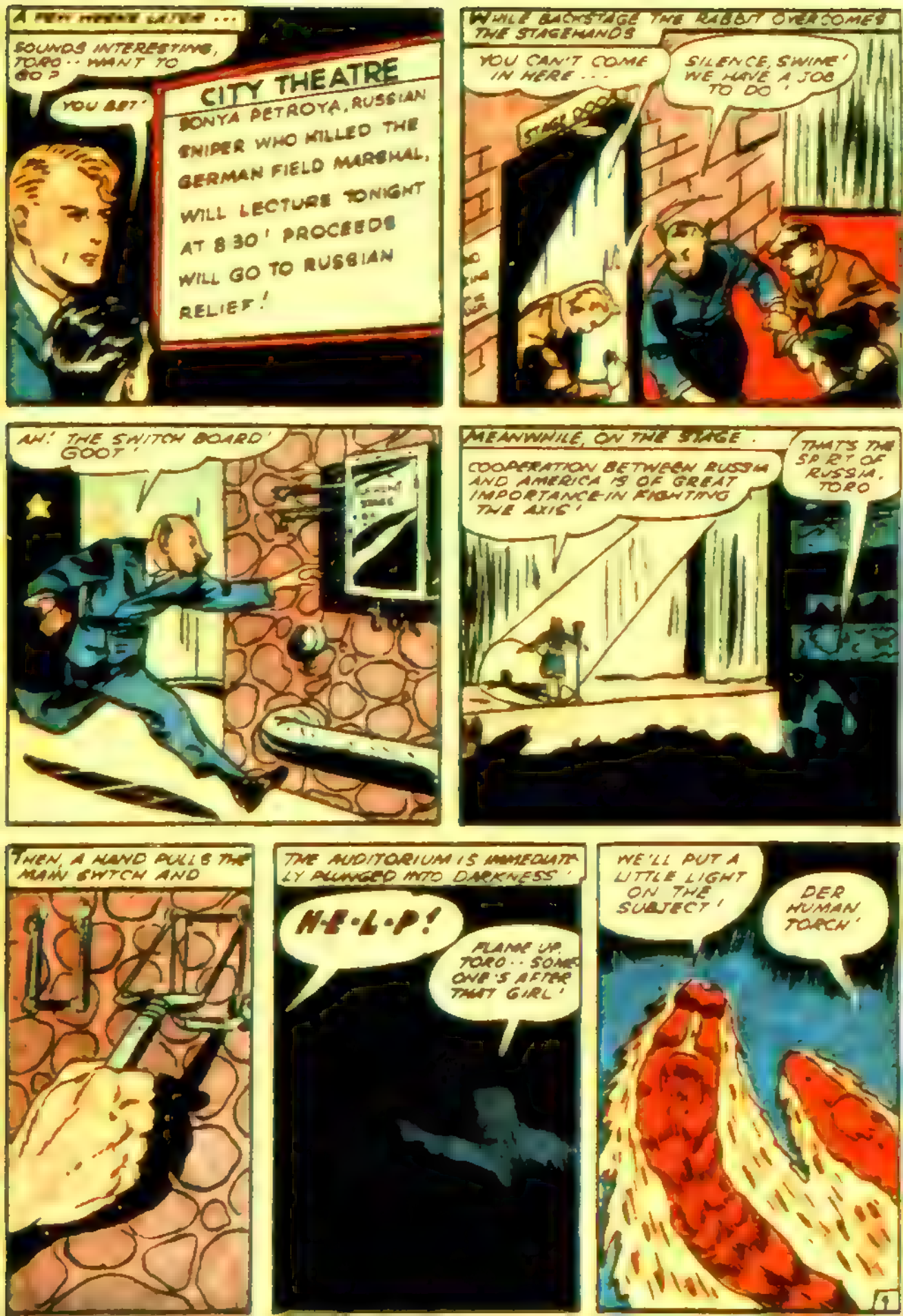

TORCH SNAPS HIS FLAME OFF AND THE MOMENTUM OF HIS PLUNGE CARRIES HIM DOWN ONTO THE BODY OF THE ROCKET-BOMB!
GRAB ME!
THE MAGNETS ARE WRENCHED LOOSE AND TORCH SPRINGS INTO THE AIR, TORO IN HIS ARMS
SAY-- YOU HAD ME PLENTY SCARED FOR A COUPLE OF SECONDS
I SCARED MYSELF THAT TIME, TORO. BETTER FLAME AND MELT THOSE SHACKLES OFF!
GOOD IDEA ANYHOW, UNLESS YOU WANT TO SWIM HOME!
THERE -- FREE AS A BIRD!
START FLYING, BIRD, WE STILL HAVE TO STOP THAT ROCKET-BEFORE IT REACHES NEW YORK!
CAN'T WE JUST EXPLODE THIS ONE IN MID-AIR?
TORCH SPLASHES THROUGH THE ROCKET TUBES LIKE AGAIN
NO, TORO TO STOP THE BIRD, CUT OFF HIS TAIL LIKE THIS!
BECAUSE, WE ARE GOING TO PUSH THIS THING BACK AND RETURN IT TO HITLER!
FINE! BUT WHY NOT GET RID OF IT HERE?


EXERTING GREAT STRENGTH, TORCH AND TORO TURN THE ROCKET AND HEAD BACK TOWARD EUROPE!
WHY DIDN'T IT EXPLODE, TORCH?
BECAUSE THE EXPLOSIVES ARE IN THE FRONT!
AND NEAR THE COAST ONCE AGAIN
WHERE TO?
THE SUBMARINE BASE AT LORIENT... IS DIRECTLY AHEAD!
WITH A LAST POWERFUL SHOVE DOWN TORCH AND TORO WATCH THE HUGE PROJECTILE STREAK FOR THE U-BOAT DEN BELOW THEM
GET MOVING AWAY FROM HERE TORO... EAST!
RIGHT! I DON'T WANT TO BE VERY CLOSE WHEN THAT GOES OFF!
THEN — SUBMARINES, CONCRETE PIERS, NAZIS AND EXPLOSIVES ARE BLASTED FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH
CRACK!
BOOM!
GOSH THOSE BOMBS WERE PRETTY POWERFUL WEREN'T THEY! LOOK AT THAT MESS OF SCRAP METAL!
GOSH, TORCH -- IMAGINE WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED TO ME IF THAT THING HAD GONE OFF WHILE I WAS ON IT?
I'D RATHER THINK ABOUT WHAT DID HAPPEN WHEN IT EXPLODED -- HURRY IT UP, TORO, WE HAVE A REPORT TO MAKE TO COLONEL STAFFORD ABOUT ANOTHER NAZI SCHEME THAT FIZZLED!
THEIR MISSION COMPLETED, TORCH AND TORO TURN TOWARD HOME.

HUMAN TORCH
DANGER -- DESTRUCTION - MYSTERY AND MURDER WERE CONSTANT THREATS UNTIL TORCH AND TOPO BLAZE THROUGH AND ---
UNMASK A GESTAPO RABBIT!

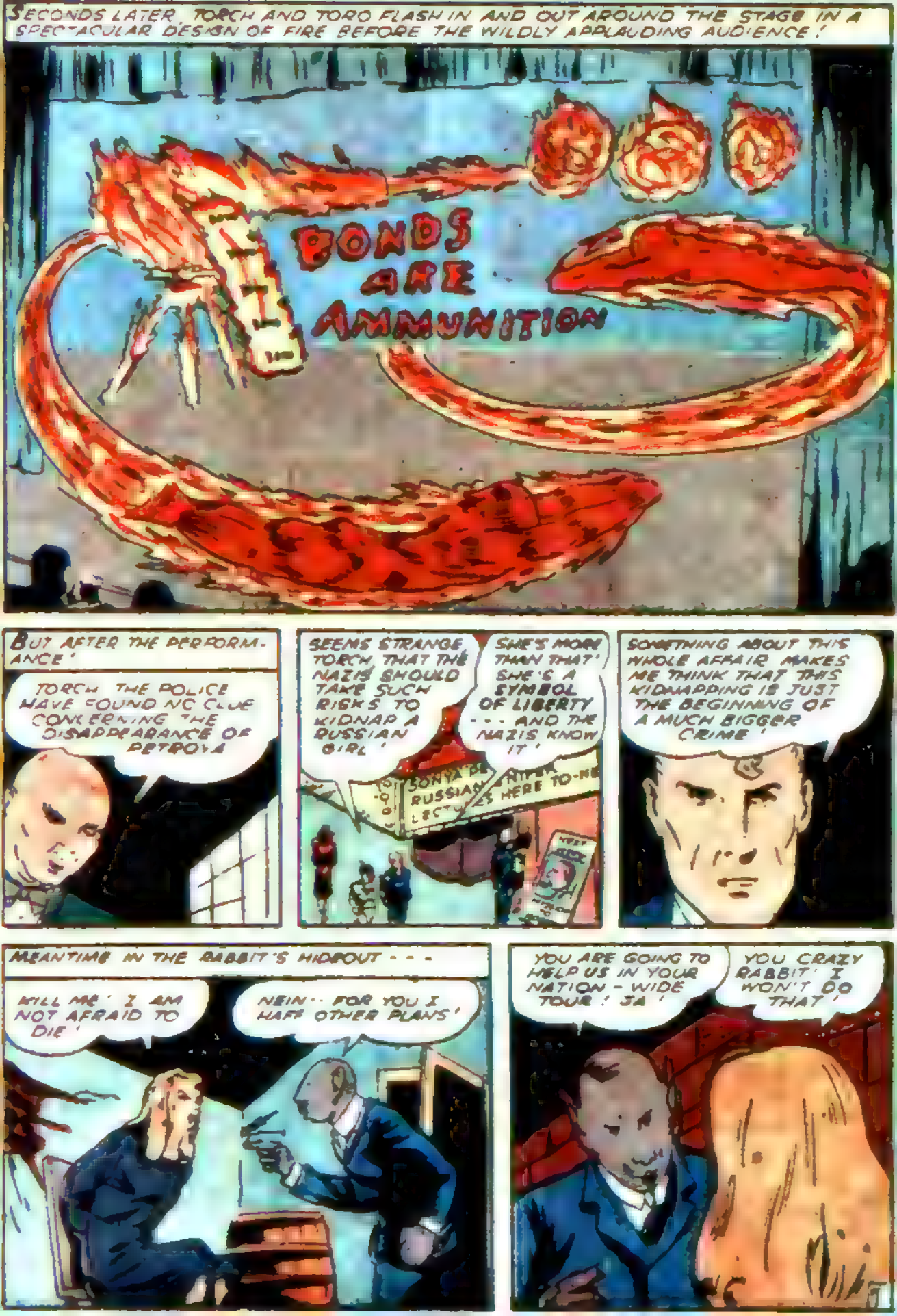

IN DER NAME OF DER FEUHRER.. VE ACCEPT DIS CITY
HEIL HITLER'
UNDER A HIGH-RANKING FIELD MARSHAL.. A LARGE NAZI FORCE INVADES THE TINY RUSSIAN TOWN OF POGRAD
BUT SONYA PETROVA WAITS HER CHANCE
WHEN THE FIELD MARSHAL AND HIS STAFF COME BETWEEN MY SIGHTS- DEATH TO HIM'
AND SUDDENLY..
HIMMEL.. ACH'
DER FIELD MARSHAL HAS BEEN KILLED'
THE SHOTS CAME FROM DIS HOUSE' CARFFUL' IT IS A SNIPER'
SONYA SWIFTLY HIDES'
THEY DO NOT SEE ME'
ACH' DERE 'S NO VON HERE-- LOOK'
AND HOURS LATER THE NEWS IS CARRIED TO THE RUSSIAN LINES BY A PANTING PEASANT.
S SONYA P PETROVA K KILLED NAZI FIELD M MARSHAL . WHOLE S STAFF . VILLAGE OF POGRAD'
WONDERFUL MON WE WIL ATTACK BEFORE THE NAZIS TAKE NEW PLANS'

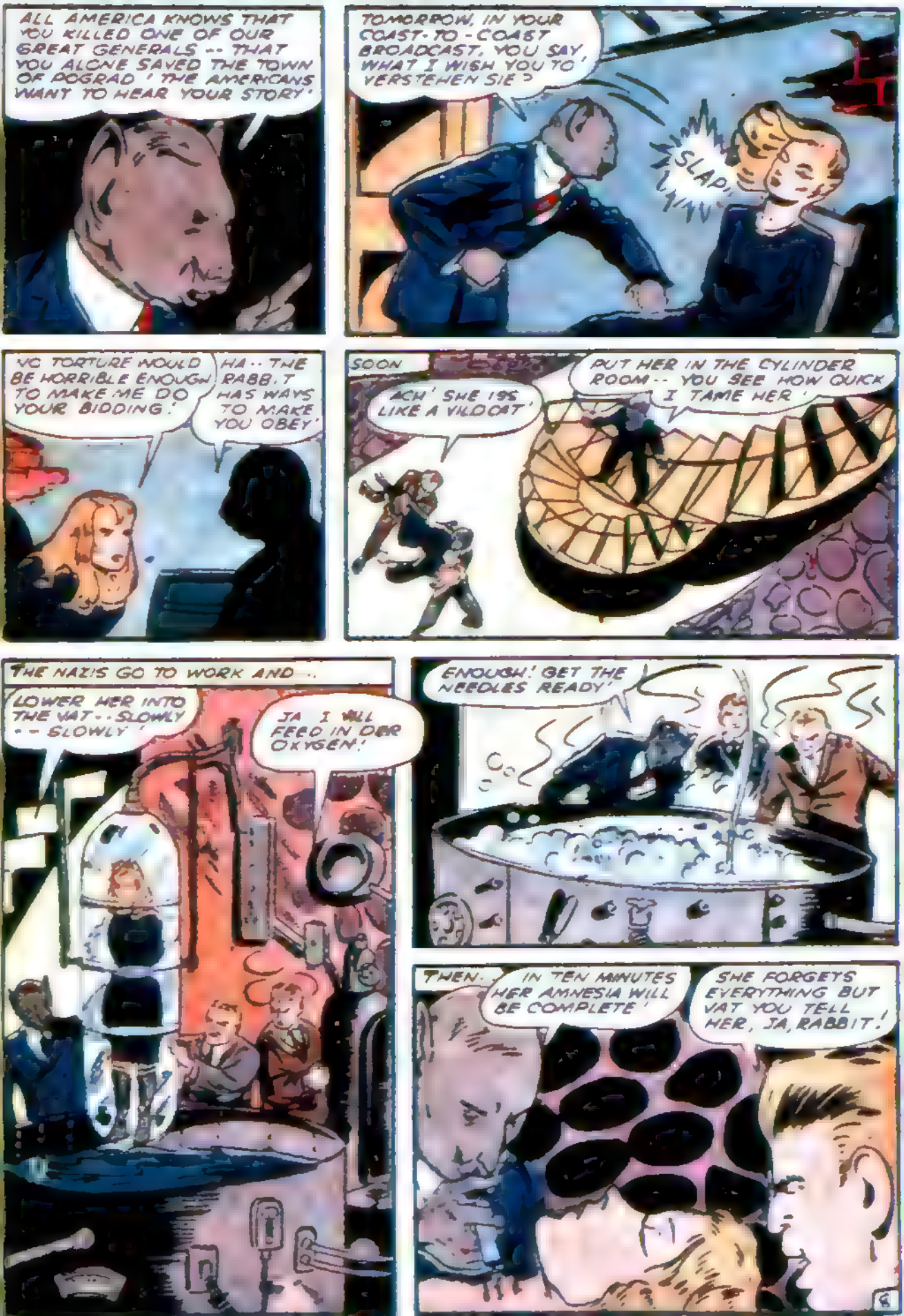
WITHIN THE HOUR, RUSSIAN SOLDIERS MARCH INTO PCGRAD IN A FIERCE COUNTER ATTACK!
DEATH TO THE SWINE!
THIS ONE WILL NEVER HEIL AGAIN!
A FEW DAYS LATER, SONYA IS OFFICIALLY THANKED!
YOUR HEROISM IS A SYMBOL OF OUR RUSSIAN SPIRIT, SONYA!
I AM ONLY ONE OF MANY WHO WOULD HAVE DONE THE SAME!
I HAVE ARRANGED FOR YOU TO VISIT THE UNITED STATES ON A RADIO AND LECTURE TOUR AS A GUEST OF THE RUSSIAN RELIEF. YOU WILL LEAVE IMMEDIATELY!
ACH! A RUSSIAN GIRL SNIPER SHOULD KILL MY BEST GENERAL AND ESCAPE FROM YOU DUMBKOPFS!
SHE VILL PAY FOR DIS! DER GESTAPO SAYS SHE YES BEING SENT TO AMERICA. I VILL INFORM DER RABBIT. JA!
LATE THAT SAME NIGHT THE MOST CUNNING NAZI IN AMERICA RECEIVES HIS ORDERS VIA SHORT WAVE
HERR RABBIT? DIS YES VON SCHMITT ORDERS FROM HERR HITLER DOT RUSSIAN SNIPER WHO COMES TO AMERICA, MUST BE SILENCED! VERSTEHEN SIE?
JA! SHE'LL BE SILENCED IN THE USUAL WAY. HEIL HITLER!


A FEW HOURS LATER ...
SOUNDS INTERESTING, TORO .. WANT TO GO ?
YOU BET !
CITY THEATRE
SONYA PETROYA, RUSSIAN SNIPER WHO KILLED THE GERMAN FIELD MARSHAL, WILL LECTURE TONIGHT AT 8 30 ! PROCEEDS WILL GO TO RUSSIAN RELIEF !
WHILE BACKSTAGE THE RABBIT OVERCOMES THE STAGEHANDS
YOU CAN'T COME IN HERE ...
STAGE DOOR
SILENCE, SWINE ! WE HAVE A JOB TO DO !
AH ! THE SWITCH BOARD ! GOOT !
MEANWHILE, ON THE STAGE .
COOPERATION BETWEEN RUSSIA AND AMERICA IS OF GREAT IMPORTANCE IN FIGHTING THE AXIS !
THAT'S THE SPIRIT OF RUSSIA, TORO
THEN, A HAND PULLS THE MAIN SWITCH AND
THE AUDITORIUM IS IMMEDIATELY PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS !
H-E-L-P !
FLAME UP, TORO .. SOMEONE'S AFTER THAT GIRL !
WE'LL PUT A LITTLE LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT !
DER HUMAN TORCH !

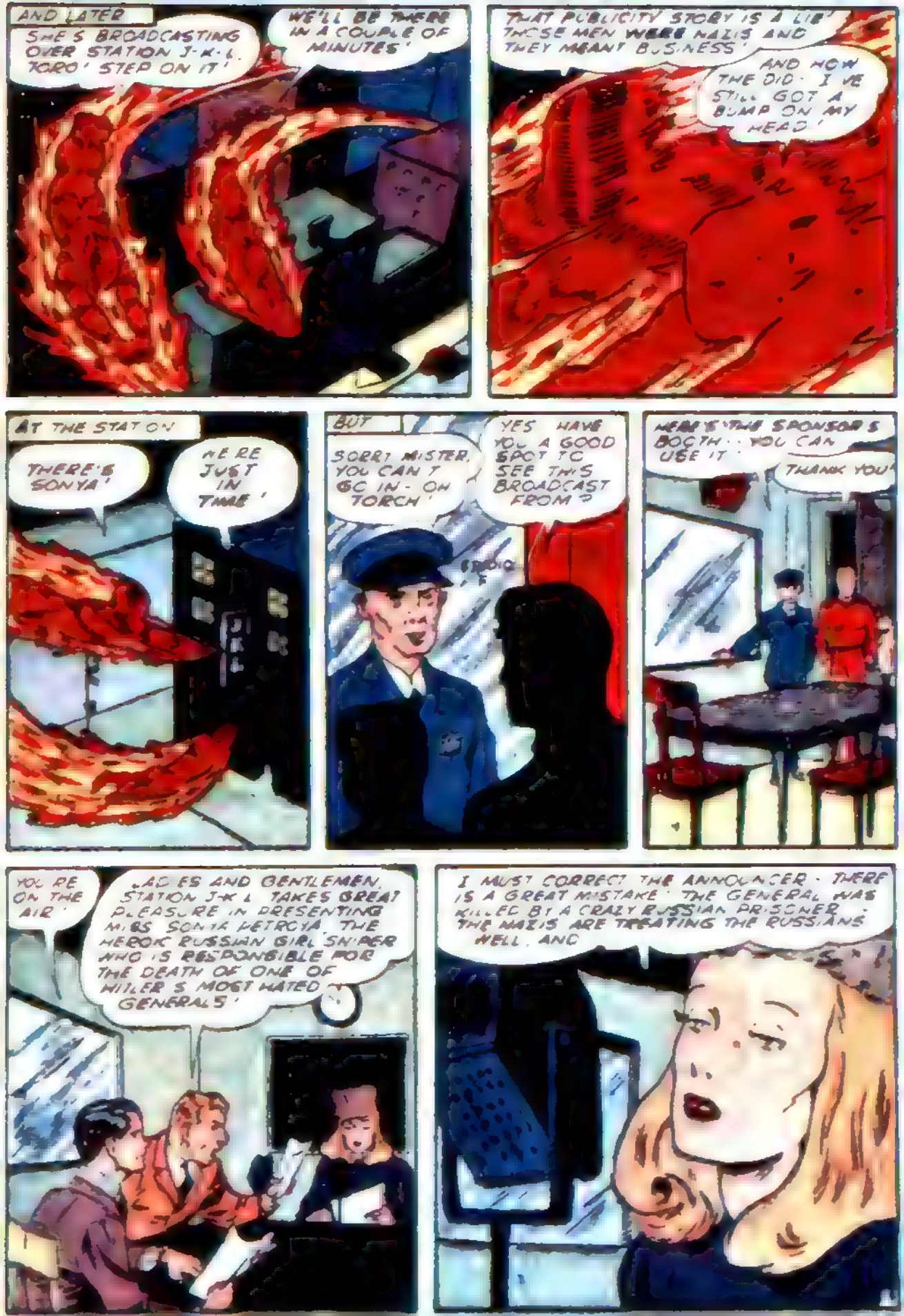
BACKSTAGE. TORCH FINDS THE RABBIT..
SO YOU RE BEHIND THIS ! ? WELL GET BEHIND MY FIST !
MEANWHILE -- IN THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADO'S BOX.
GET DER RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR -- SCHNELL !
NOT SO FAST !
ACH - I'M ON FIRE !
GET THAT GIRL OUT OF HERE -- WE'LL TAKE CARE OF TORCH !
LET'S SEE, YOU TRY
IN THE DARKNESS ONE OF RABBITS HENCHMEN MAKES OFF WITH THE GIRL
TORCH'S FLAME MELTS THE NAZIS GUNS !
NOW YOU'LL HAVE TO USE YOUR HEADS !
WE'VE GOT TO SAVE THAT RUSSIAN GIRL !
HELP !
THIS CURTAIN IS LINED WITH ASBESTOS ! IT WILL STOP THE FLAMES ! JA !

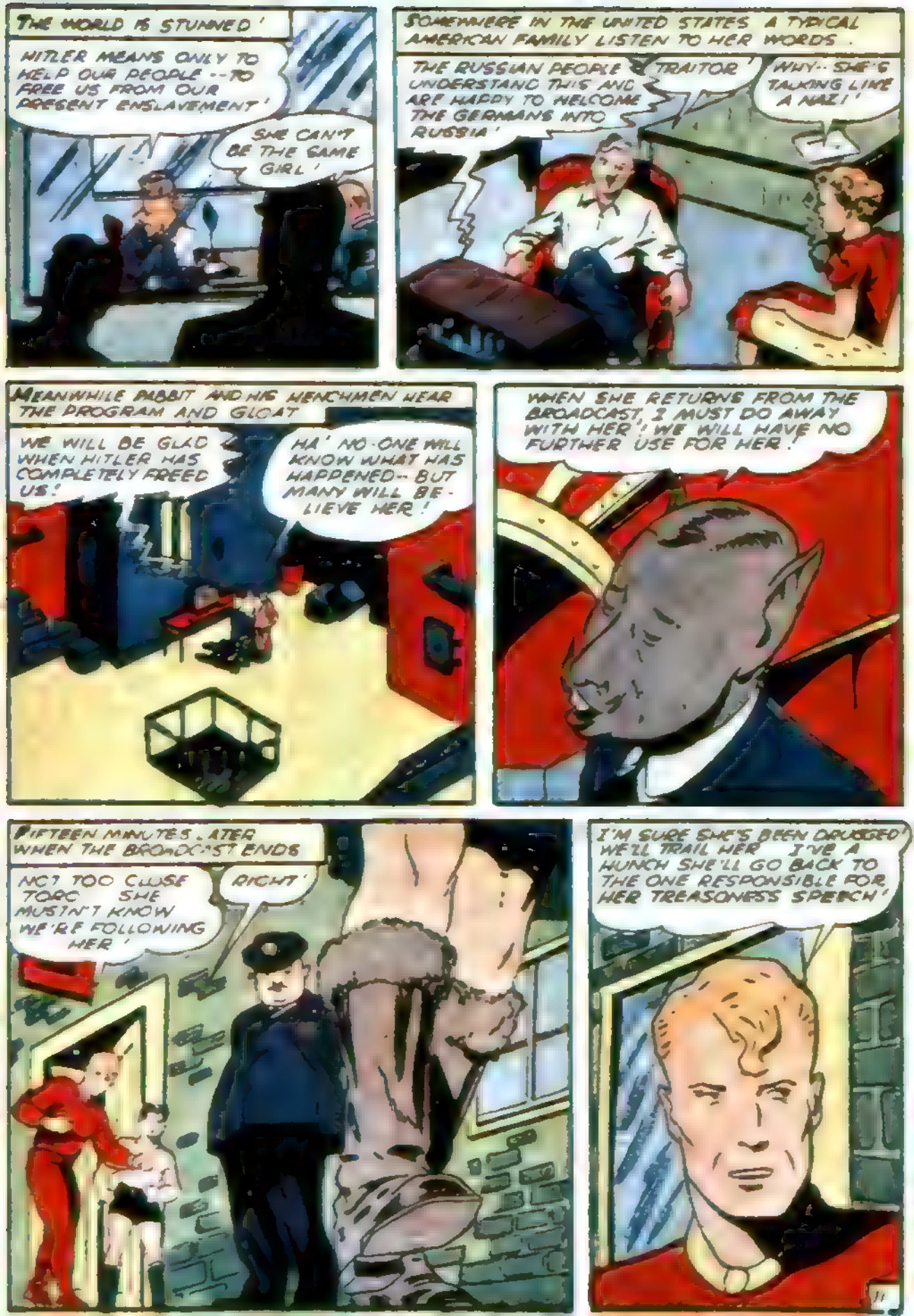
RABBIT SWIFTLY CUTS THE CURTAIN ROPE --- IT FALLS, SMOTHERING THE SONS OF FIRE!
OLP!
COVER THEM -- QUICKLY!
THAT VILL SNUFF OUT DER FLAMES!
HOLD THEM, I'LL BE BACK IMMEDIATELY!
BACK ON THE STAGE
POLICE! GET TH-- OW!
I HAVE OTHER USES FOR THIS MICROPHONE MISTER AMBASSADOR
NOW LET DER TORCH TRY TO FOLLOW US!
UGH!
MINUTES LATER
A ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
YES - WHERE IS THE GIRL?
UMM!
THEY'VE KIDNAPPED PETROVA!
NOT ALONE W... YOU HAVE TO RE..RN NEAR.. $50,000 IN ADMISSIONS BUT PETRO..A'S LIFE S IN DANGER!
AND WHILE THE POLICE GO TO WORK ON THE CASE, TORCH AND TORO PROCEED WITH A SHOW FOR THE CUSTOMERS.
WELL.. IF IT'S ALL RIGHT W..H THE AUDIENCE, TORO AND I W.. PUT ON A FIRE SHOW!
SPLENDID!
CLAP CLAP CLAP!


SECONDS LATER, TORCH AND TORO FLASH IN AND OUT AROUND THE STAGE IN A SPECTACULAR DESIGN OF FIRE BEFORE THE WILDLY APPLAUDING AUDIENCE!
BONDS ARE AMMUNITION
BUT AFTER THE PERFORMANCE!
TORCH THE POLICE HAVE FOUND NO CLUE CONCERNING THE DISAPPEARANCE OF PETROVA
SEEMS STRANGE, TORCH THAT THE NAZIS SHOULD TAKE SUCH RISKS TO KIDNAP A RUSSIAN GIRL!
SHE'S MORE THAN THAT! SHE'S A SYMBOL OF LIBERTY --- AND THE NAZIS KNOW IT!
SOMETHING ABOUT THIS WHOLE AFFAIR MAKES ME THINK THAT THIS KIDNAPPING IS JUST THE BEGINNING OF A MUCH BIGGER CRIME!
MEANTIME IN THE RABBIT'S HIDEOUT - - -
KILL ME! I AM NOT AFRAID TO DIE!
NEIN.. FOR YOU I HAFF OTHER PLANS!
YOU ARE GOING TO HELP US IN YOUR NATION-WIDE TOUR! JA!
YOU CRAZY RABBIT! I WON'T DO THAT!


ALL AMERICA KNOWS THAT YOU KILLED ONE OF OUR GREAT GENERALS -- THAT YOU ALONE SAVED THE TOWN OF DOGRAD ! THE AMERICANS WANT TO HEAR YOUR STORY!
TOMORROW, IN YOUR COAST-TO-COAST BROADCAST, YOU SAY, WHAT I WISH YOU TO, VERSTEHEN SIE ?
SLAP!
VO TORTURE WOULD BE HORRIBLE ENOUGH TO MAKE ME DO YOUR BIDDING!
HA.. THE RABBIT HAS WAYS TO MAKE YOU OBEY!
SOON
ACH! SHE IS LIKE A VILDCAT!
PUT HER IN THE CYLINDER ROOM -- YOU SEE HOW QUICK I TAME HER!
THE NAZIS GO TO WORK AND..
LOWER HER INTO THE VAT.. SLOWLY -- SLOWLY!
JA I WILL FEED IN DER OXYGEN!
ENOUGH! GET THE NEEDLES READY!
THEN..
IN TEN MINUTES HER AMNESIA WILL BE COMPLETE!
SHE FORGETS EVERYTHING BUT VAT YOU TELL HER, JA, RABBIT!

EARLY THE NEXT DAY SONYA APPEARS AT THE RUSSIAN CONSULATE
GOOD MORNING AMBASSADOR!
SONYA!
I MUST GO TO THE STATION IN HALF AN HOUR I GO ON THE A.E. YOU KNOW!
BUT LAST NIGHT!- THE NAZIS I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
OH THAT WAS A PUBLICITY STUNT SO I WOULD GET SPECIAL NEWSPAPER NOTICES!
THAT IS THE WAY THEY DO THINGS IN AMERICA, YOU KNOW!
BUT YOU SAID NOTHING EVEN TO ME!?
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! SOMETHING IS- HELLO, GET ME THE HUMAN TORCH PLEASE! HURRY!
WHAT? A PUBLICITY STUNT?! WE'LL BE RIGHT OVER!
SECONDS LATER..
THIRD FLOOR, TORCH!
WHAT ROOM IS THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR IN?


AND LATER
SHE'S BROADCASTING OVER STATION J-K-L. TORO! STEP ON IT!
WE'LL BE THERE IN A COUPLE OF MINUTES!
THAT PUBLICITY STORY IS A LIE! THOSE MEN WERE NAZIS AND THEY MEANT BUSINESS!
AND NOW THE DID. I'VE STILL GOT A BUMP ON MY HEAD!
AT THE STATION
THERE'S SONYA!
WE'RE JUST IN TIME!
BUT
SORRY MISTER, YOU CAN'T GO IN. ON TORCH!
YES HAVE YOU A GOOD SPOT TO SEE THIS BROADCAST FROM?
STUDIO
HERE'S THE SPONSOR'S BOOTH. YOU CAN USE IT.
THANK YOU!
YOU'RE ON THE AIR!
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, STATION J-K-L TAKES GREAT PLEASURE IN PRESENTING MISS SONYA PETROVA, THE HEROIC RUSSIAN GIRL SNIPER WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF ONE OF HITLER'S MOST HATED GENERALS!
I MUST CORRECT THE ANNOUNCER. THERE IS A GREAT MISTAKE. THE GENERAL WAS KILLED BY A CRAZY RUSSIAN PRISONER. THE NAZIS ARE TREATING THE RUSSIANS WELL, AND


THE WORLD IS STUNNED!
HITLER MEANS ONLY TO HELP OUR PEOPLE -- TO FREE US FROM OUR PRESENT ENSLAVEMENT!
SHE CAN'T BE THE SAME GIRL!
SOMEWHERE IN THE UNITED STATES A TYPICAL AMERICAN FAMILY LISTEN TO HER WORDS.
THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE UNDERSTAND THIS AND ARE HAPPY TO WELCOME THE GERMANS INTO RUSSIA!
TRAITOR!
WHY-- SHE'S TALKING LIKE A NAZI!
MEANWHILE RABBIT AND HIS HENCHMEN HEAR THE PROGRAM AND GLOAT
WE WILL BE GLAD WHEN HITLER HAS COMPLETELY FREED US!
HA! NO ONE WILL KNOW WHAT HAS HAPPENED-- BUT MANY WILL BELIEVE HER!
WHEN SHE RETURNS FROM THE BROADCAST, I MUST DO AWAY WITH HER! WE WILL HAVE NO FURTHER USE FOR HER!
FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER WHEN THE BROADCAST ENDS
NOT TOO CLOSE TORC SHE MUSTN'T KNOW WE'RE FOLLOWING HER!
RIGHT!
I'M SURE SHE'S BEEN DRUGGED! WE'LL TRAIL HER I'VE A HUNCH SHE'LL GO BACK TO THE ONE RESPONSIBLE FOR HER TREASONESS SPEECH!

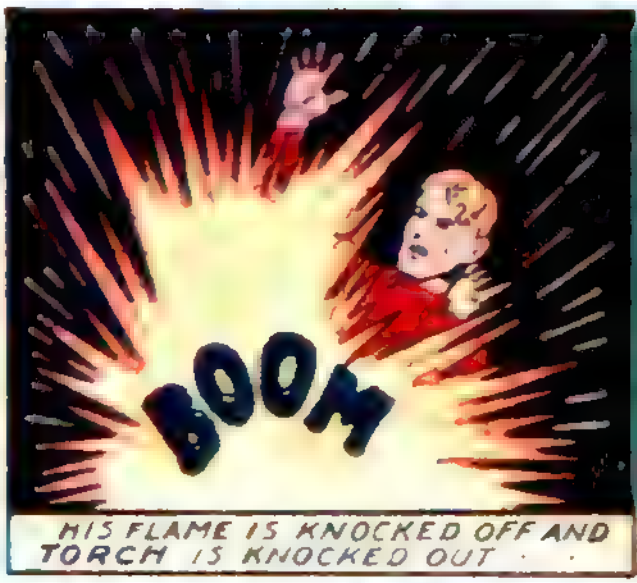
AT LAST
WAIT A MINUTE -- THEN, WE GO IN TOO!
GREETINGS, SONYA -- THAT WAS A FINE SPEECH! YOU HAVE DONE WELL!
THANK YOU, HERR RABBIT!
SUDDENLY... TORCH ENTERS!
WHAT KIND OF GAME IS THIS?
OWW!
ANYHOW WE'RE HERE TO CLEAN HOUSE!
HI FUNNY BUNNY! TAKE THIS!
WHAMM
TORCH DOES NOT HAVE HIS FLAME ON -- NOW IS MY CHANCE!
TORCH!
WHAT?
JUST THIS!
13

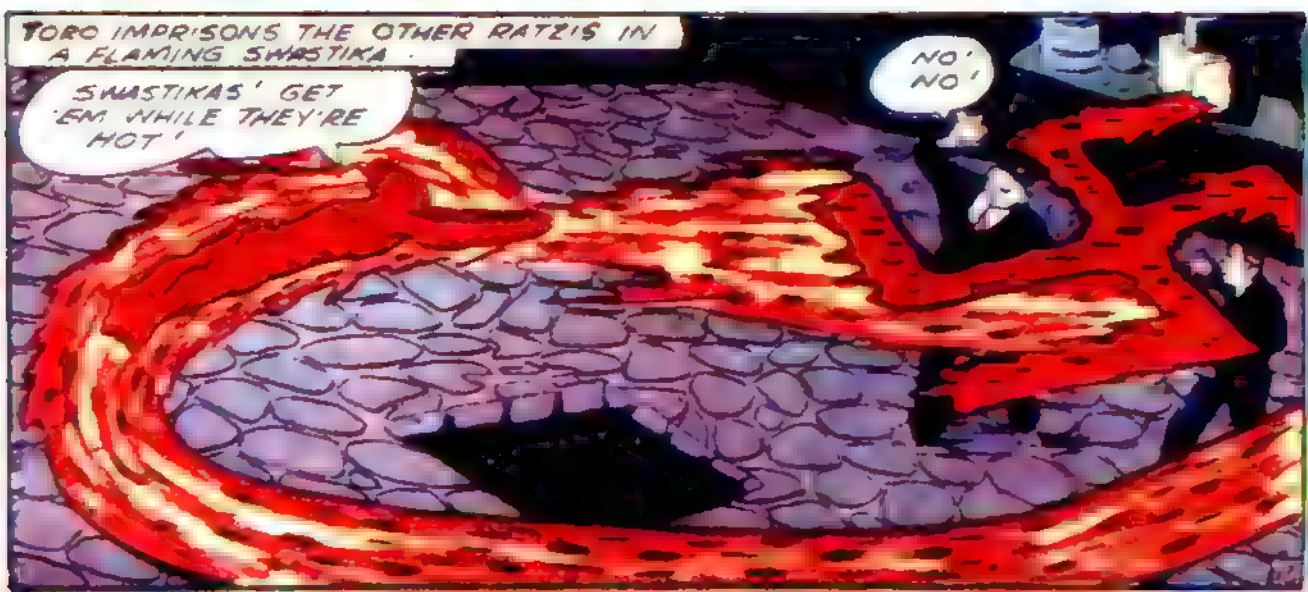
WHILE TORO DEALS WITH THE NAZIS, TORCH QUESTIONS SONYA ...
SONYA ! WHAT IS THIS ALL ABOUT ?
I..I DON'T UNDERSTAND-

PERHAPS THE RABBIT WILL KNOW.. HE IS MY MASTER.!

HERE'S THE ONLY ANSWER FOR YOU, TORCH !
MEANWHILE THE RABBIT HAS RECOVERED AND...

TORCH FLAMES INSTANTLY AND GRABS THE EXPLODING GRENADE
BETTER AIM NEXT TIME, RABBIT !


BOOM
HIS FLAME IS KNOCKED OFF AND TORCH IS KNOCKED OUT . .


TORO IMPRISONS THE OTHER RATZIS IN A FLAMING SWASTIKA .
SWASTIKAS ! GET 'EM WHILE THEY'RE HOT !
NO ! NO !

TORCH -- WHAT HAPPENED ?
A GRENADE -- BUT RABBIT HAS SONYA TORO ! WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM !
HA ! TORCH WILL FOLLOW TO SAVE YOU -- THEN, I WILL HAVE THEM IN MY POWER TOO !
ON THE ELEVATOR
LEAVE THAT GIRL ALONE -- OR .
YOU CAN DO NOTHING TORCH !
IN FACT I WILL KILL HER NOW UNLESS YOU SURRENDER !
YOU WIN RABBIT . COME BACK TORO !
JA -- I THOUGHT SO -- NOW STAY WHERE YOU ARE !
TORCH AND TORO OBEY
WHAT DO YOU WANT US FOR ?
WHEN I TURN THIS WHEEL, YOU WILL FIND OUT !
AND, SLOWLY RABBIT FORCES A WHEEL AROUND

THEN, TORCH AND TORO ARE CAUGHT IN A CROSS-FIRE OF POWERFUL ACID THAT STEALS THEIR STRENGTH!
HA!
YOW!
HURRY.. PUT THEM IN THE COLD STEEL CYLINDER!
JA HERR RABBIT.. IT IS READY!
HOURS LATER...
YOU ARE CONSCIOUS NOW.. GOOD! YOU WILL LISTEN CLOSELY TO WHAT I TELL YOU!
SONYA IS UNDER MY POWER -- I PERMITTED HER TO RETURN HERE AFTER THE BROADCAST, HOPING THAT YOU WOULD FOLLOW.. I HAVE WORK FOR YOU TOO!
BY ADDING THIS CHEMICAL TO THE WATER IN THIS VAT, I CAN FIRE PROOF YOUR BODIES -- SO!
SHALL WE DUMP THEM IN NOW, RABBIT!
JA! ACH -- THEY SPLASHED ME -- MY HANDS! WELL, NOW THEY CANNOT BLAME AGAINST US!

SOON
TAKE THEM OUT NOW THEY HAVE HAD ENOUGH
HA! NOW DEY ARE JUST MEN LIKE US!
WE'D NEVER BE THAT BAD. TRY TO FLAME TORCH.
IT'S NO USE TORCH I CAN'T
HA GOOD! NOW I'LL INJECT THE AMINES A SERUM AND YOU WILL ACT AS I SAY
YES- I CAN MAKE YOU FORGET EVERYTHING
RABBIT WASHES THE CHEMICAL OFF HIS HANDS
EXCEPT WHAT I WISH YOU TO SAY AND THINK... IN SHORT YOU WILL BE A GOOD NAZI- HEIL, HITLER!
HEIL, HITLER!
HEIL!
WHEN...
HEIL, DEMOCRACY!

SHOOT THEM!
I CAN'T THEY KNOCKED THE GUN FROM MY HAND!
I LOST MINE, TOO!
LET'S DUMP THEM IN THEIR OWN SWIMMING POOL!
YOU'RE RIGHT! RUSH 'EM, TORO!
NOW, WE'LL FIRE-PROOF YOU!
JUMP IN -- THE CHEMICAL'S FINE!
THEN TORCH WHIRLS FOR RABBIT WHO DUCKED IN TIME!
HA! YOU CANNOT FLAME -- THIS BULLET WILL KILL YOU!
TORCH SWINGS HIS FOOT IN A VICIOUS KICK AND
OWPW!
I THOUGHT THAT MIGHT SPOIL YOUR AIM!
BANG!
A RIGHT TO THE WHISKERS, YOU FREAK!

SECONDS LATER...
NO! NO! YOU ARE HURTING MY MASTER!
YOU'RE WRONG SONYA -- HE'S NOT YOUR MASTER!
THEN...
HOW ABOUT SONYA -- AND US?
COME ON TORO -- WE'LL TAKE CARE OF OUR FLAMES FIRST!
THIS CHEMICAL TOOK THE FIRE-PROOF LIQUID OFF RABBIT'S HANDS SO -- IT SHOULD DO THE SAME FOR US!
GEE -- I FEEL BETTER ALREADY!
I'LL ROPE UP THOSE UNCONSCIOUS NAZIS IN THE MEANTIME!
BE RIGHT WITH YOU!
THIS WALL OF FIRE'S GOT TO HOLD THEM TILL THE POLICE GET HERE!
IT WILL!
AN HOUR LATER, AN EMINENT DOCTOR COMPLETES HIS EXAMINATION OF SONYA AT THE RUSSIAN CONSULATE.
THE CHEMICALS INJECTED INTO THE GIRL FORCE A STATE OF AMNESIA -- IT WILL WEAR OFF WITHIN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS THOUGH!
WELL, THAT'S A RELIEF -- BOY, THAT LADY HAS SOME TALL EXPLAINING TO DO TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE!

TEAM MATES

THE SMILE on Captain Todd's face was pleasant but not wholly reassuring. Curt felt his heart do a couple of fancy locks, begin to race. He knew Captain Todd's smile meant . . . failure. If Curt didn't land this government trucking contract. . . .

Captain Todd explained, "We have to use extreme caution. We can't turn supplies over to any Tom, Dick, or Harry!"

"Someone's been buzzing your ear." Curt felt the muscles in his tall body stiffen rebelliously. "It was in the bag before. But now—"

Captain Todd leaned forward. "We've got to have someone handling this stuff who won't pile it up in a ditch somewhere. Every truck load of stuff you haul is worth more than money. It's worth lives. It's got to get through!"

Curt looked out the window over the big storage field below. In front of the administration building the field was dotted with army trucks, their hoods and tarpaulins glistening in the rain. Behind him Captain Todd reassured, "Nothing is definite yet. Your application will be considered with the others—"

"Red Carlton is the only other one! He's cutting into my territory. I was the only one working this section until the Army established this big base. Now with a government contract in the air, he's moved into the village with a couple of fancy rigs and is trying to grab all the gravy. It's not right!"

Curt turned angrily. He felt a hot flush cover his face. Darned if he was going to eat crow for anyone.

Captain Todd rustled a paper across the glass top of the desk under his eyes. "You will be notified when we reach a decision!"

CURT SLOSHED across the field, turned in his visitor's pass at the guard house and walked across the road to the battered GMC 2 ton. In spite of weather beaten paint and a couple of banged-up fenders he had a soft spot in his heart for the old girl. He'd done a lot of hauling since he'd bought the truck back in '39 and she'd done close to ninety thousand miles.

On the other hand, Red Carlton's shiny combination was the very latest. Curt found it standing at Weatherbee's service station. Curt eased the GMC in at the line of pumps, got out and walked stiffly into the station office. He pushed back his soaking hat to find Red Carlton grinning at him. Red was big and broad, and freckled.

"Well, son," Red boomed. "Land the contract?"

Curt snapped, "You know I didn't. You know why too!"

Red continued to grin. "You got me all wrong, son. I don't know nothing. Didn't even get the job . . . yet!"

Curt said to Mr. Weatherbee, "I never knew what a trucking pirate was until now!"

Silence fell, brooding and tense. Mr. Weatherbee cleared his throat nervously. "There's enough trouble in the world—"

Red interrupted harshly, "I'm no pirate, son!"

"What d'you call this?" Curt took a step forward, his lanky body knotting.

"I didn't blab about you!" Red said. "You seem to think I said something, told the Captain maybe that you'd had a couple of smashes, that you'd lost a load of milk for Dalton's once when their big job was laid up—"

"You just *hinted* that he might check up on records!" Red moved uneasily. Mr. Weatherbee cleared his throat but Curt snapped, "You never came near Clifton until the Army base opened up! You stayed clear over in Riverton, worked on the ritzy mob there, charging fancy prices for your truck!"

"Sure," Red admitted. "They had it to pay. Now . . times are changed. Lots of homes are closed up. This was open to anyone. What could you have done with one two-ton job? You'd never have been able to swing it!"

Curt stepped back. If he'd landed the contract he'd have got a new truck out of the board, maybe one of those big combinations like . . . Red Carlton wheeled around in. But now that was out. The best man, or truck, had won!

THE LAST of the furniture was off and inside the house. Curt climbed over a packing case in the cold hall as Mrs. Green came from the kitchen toward him.

She said, "I can't pay you all I owe you, Curt. I . . . haven't got it."

Curt nodded. "That'll be okay, I guess. As long as I get some of it. . . ." He thought

about his father laid up at home from an accident at the factory, the letter from Bill this morning from somewhere overseas. He said, "Every little helps nowadays."

"I know," the old lady said. "I hated to ask you this time but the others—" She broke off abruptly, color tinging her cheeks, a rueful smile appearing about her mouth.

Curt chuckled. "The others wanted too much, eh?"

He took the money she offered and went out. Red Carlton didn't want to bother with odd jobs of this kind. All he was interested in was the gravy government contracts and such. No, Red couldn't be bothered with this little stuff and Curt knew that at the rate he was going, he'd soon have to get out and get something else, something that meant a regular check.

The sky had cleared off. The GMC ploughed up grade, rounding the bend along the summet of the hill. The village lay below, a few sleepy lights peering yellowly back. Home was down there. . . .

Curt yelled, twisted the wheel frantically driving the GMC over against the bank till the guards scraped and ploughed into the water-soaked earth. There, right before him, tearing around the bend was a huge combination, the glaring headlights smashing Curt in the eyes, blinding him.

The bodies crashed and the big combination roared past, ploughing over to the far side. As the tail went past with its red and green running lights, Curt saw it keeling over, heard the sickening crash and scream of metal. Then Curt had the GMC stopped and was out and splashing back, breath clogging his throat.

Moonlight gleamed on the face of puddles in the road. Curt raced forward as the cab of the big combination was pushed open and someone stooped sluggishly out. Red Carlton the pirate—!

Red chattered, staring at Curt out of haggard eyes set in an ashen face. "You—you—"

"Don't say it!" Curt snarled thickly. "You're good at talking big in public! Here's your answer—"

Curt lunged forward then dragged himself to a stop, as he saw the pain creasing Red's face, realized that his shoulder was hanging funny. . . .

"The wheel ripped out of my hands!" Red muttered grinding his teeth, turning half away with pain. "And this load. . . ."

"Carting government supplies already!" Curt snapped. "And you talked about me—"

"That stuff's got to go through!" Red admitted between grinding teeth. "But—it won't! Not now! So rest easy, son. You win! I can't get drivers. Have to do most of it myself. You can just walk in to the Captain tomorrow . . . and he'll hand you the contract!"

For a moment Curt stood listening to the wind in the trees up the slope. His anger was gone then and he walked slowly along the road, boots sloshing in the puddles. The combination was down to her hubs in the ditch, her great silvery body leaning against the trees on the bank. It was bad, Curt realized as he crawled around squinting with a flashlight down at the hubs. But there was plenty of beef in this job. Maybe—

"What're you going to do?" Red demanded between trembling lips. "Are you nuts?"

"Maybe." Curt climbed up into the cab, kicked the big motor over. He listened a moment to the throaty purr of the powerful engine, then engaged the gears in low, eased the clutch in. The big job shuddered, dropped back as he disengaged the clutch. He tried again, gunning the motor. Once more the loaded vehicle trembled and Curt fed its throttle carefully, feeling the swift pound of blood through him as, a second later, the combination ground forward, wheels slewing savagely. A moment later he'd pulled her out onto the road, over to the side.

Red hurried up, his face creased with a mixture of pain and uncertainty. "You are nuts—"

"Wait till I get my old girl off to the side," Curt ordered.

DROPPING the tail gate of the GMC Curt tossed the broom in, prepared to follow it when a voice hailed him. He turned quickly and saw Red Carlton coming down the drive toward him. Red's arm was in a sling but healthy color had returned to his face.

"Hi, son," he greeted. "I wants talk business with you!"

"Never mind the charity act," Curt warned suspiciously. "You got the contract. Keep it!"

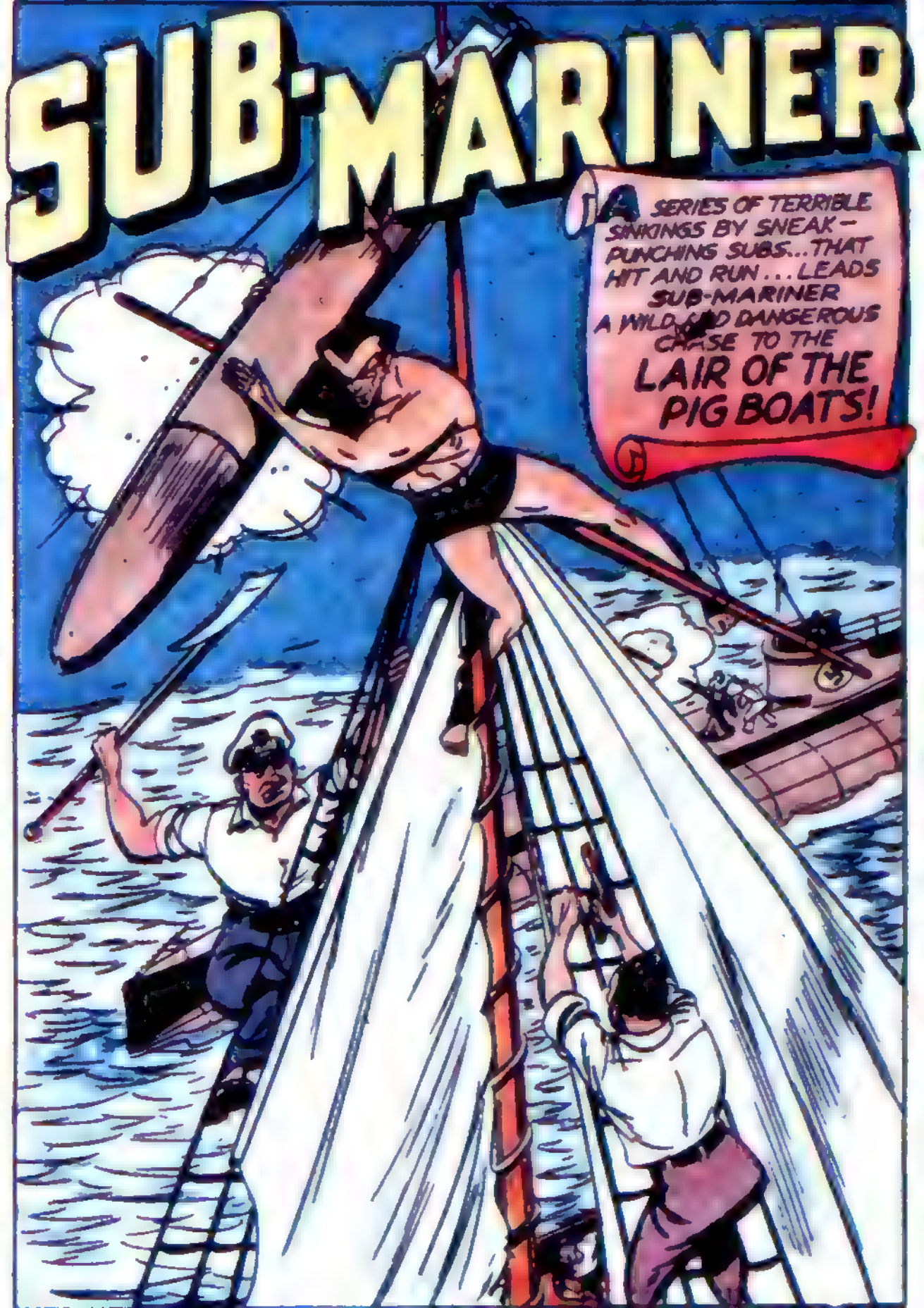
Red shook his heavy head. "Don't worry. I'm no sap, son! Last night—" He hesitated. "If that had been me . . . well, I'm not sure what I'd have done. You—showed me up! To myself. Understand?"

Curt hesitated. "Maybe. What's next?"

Red explained. "Well, it's this way. I'm not offering you a job or anything like that and I'm certainly not letting this contract go up in smoke. What I do want is a . . . partner! I want someone to take half the responsibility and half . . . the profits. I'm no piker. I don't know these roads and I'll be out of whack for a while. How about it, son?"

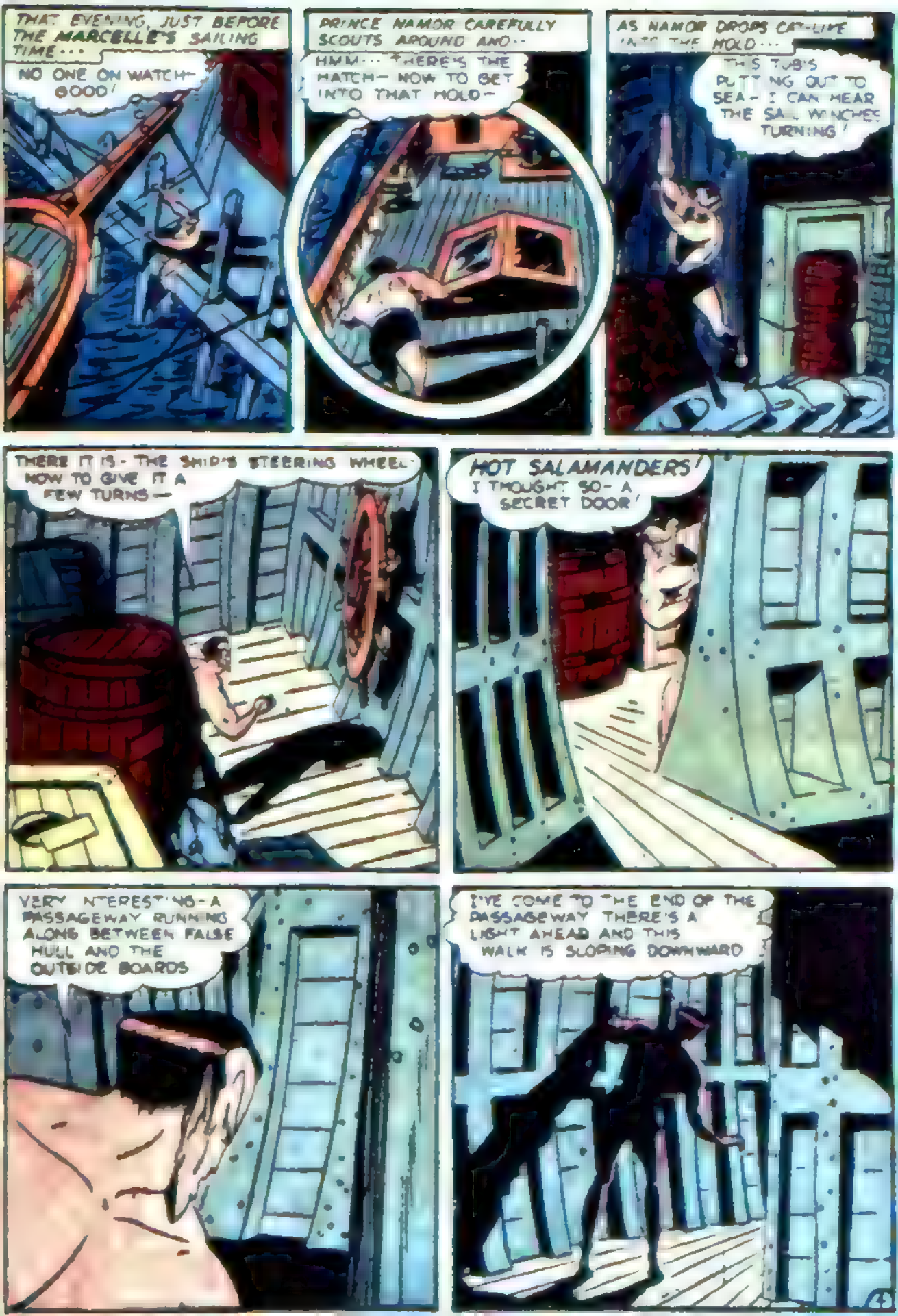
Curt eased in a breath-full of crisp air. He couldn't help grinning, nor help the way he gripped the hand Red shoved toward him, even if it was the wrong one!

The End


SUB-MARINER
A SERIES OF TERRIBLE SINKINGS BY SNEAK-PUNCHING SUBS...THAT HIT AND RUN... LEADS SUB-MARINER A WILD AND DANGEROUS CHASE TO THE LAIR OF THE PIG BOATS!

ABOARD A TRIM U.S. CORVETTE, ON CARRIBEAN PATROL...
SO, YOU'RE INTERESTED IN OUR U-BOAT PATROL, PRINCE NAMOR?
DEFINITELY! THAT'S WHY I GOT ADMIRAL HAUSEN'S PERMISSION TO GO OUT FOR PATROL WITH YOU
THEN, AN INTERRUPTION...
PARDON ME, COMMANDER— AN F.B.I. PATROL PLANE HAS RADIOED THAT A BOAT WAS SEEN IN THE VICINITY OF STATION M
VERY WELL NOW WE'LL SEE ACTION, SUB-MARINER.
FULL SPEED ABOUT TO STATION M!
AYE, AYE, SIR!
ON THE WAY, THE SPEEDY PATROL BOAT PASSES A FOUR MASTED SCHOONER
SAY! I THOUGHT THOSE WERE THINGS OF THE PAST!
NOT QUITE...
THAT'S THE MARCELLE— WHEN WAR WAS DECLARED, SHE WAS PUT INTO SERVICE AS A CARGO TRANSPORT SHE RUNS REGULARLY BETWEEN PORT OF SPAIN, TRIN DAD TO HAVANA, CUBA.
NOW SHE'S HEADED FOR PORT OF SPAIN, EH?
AT THAT MOMENT, NAMOR NOTICES A PECULIAR THING HAPPENING TO THE SCHOONER
HOLY SEA WATER! I WONDER IF COMMANDER DALE NOTICED IT? THAT SCHOONER SUDDENLY SANK THREE FEET INTO THE WATER, AS IF A HEAVY LOAD FELL ON IT! ODD??
AT SECTION M...
NO SIGN OF A SUB HERE
THE DETECTORS REGISTER ZERO. GUESS IT WAS A BUM STEER HAVE THE BOAT HEAD BACK TOWARD PORT OF SPAIN
1

LATER, AT PORT OF SPAIN···
SORRY YOU DIDN'T HAVE ANY EXCITEMENT, NAMOR
PERHAPS SOME OTHER TIME
SAY! THERE'S THE MARCELLE!
YOU MUST BE IN LOVE WITH THAT BOAT···
NOT THAT BUT YOU RARELY SEE A SCHOONER TODAY - I'D LIKE TO LOOK THAT BABY OVER!
THAT'S EASY! I KNOW THE SKIPPER— COME ON!
H'YA, CAPTAIN KALE!
'LO, COMMANDER— WHAT CAN I DO FER YOU?
THIS IS SUB-MARINER WILL YOU GIVE HIM A SIGHT-SEEING TOUR AROUND YOUR BOAT WHILE I MAKE MY REPORT—? SEE YOU LATER, NAMOR
SUB-MARINER, EH?— SURE, COME ALONG!
THANKS!
AFTER A BRIEF INSPECTION OF THE TOP DECK, CAPTAIN KALE TAKES NAMOR DOWN INTO THE EMPTY HOLD.
SOLID OAK AND MAHOGANY A BETTER BOAT YOU'LL NEVER FIND!
HOW INTERESTING!
SOON THIS HOLD WILL BE LOADED WITH FOOD TO TAKE BACK TO HAVANA.
NOW, WHAT IN NEPTUNE'S BEARD WOULD A SHIP'S STEERING WHEEL BE DOING THERE?
THE TOUR IS OVER···
THANKS FOR THE INTERESTING TRIP, SKIPPER— SO LONG!
ANY TIME, MY LAD - ANY TIME! WE'RE SHOVING OFF AS SOON AS THE TIDE RISES SEE YOU AGAIN-


THAT EVENING, JUST BEFORE THE MARCELLE'S SAILING TIME...
NO ONE ON WATCH— GOOD!
PRINCE NAMOR CAREFULLY SCOUTS AROUND AND..
HMM... THERE'S THE HATCH— NOW TO GET INTO THAT HOLD—
AS NAMOR DROPS CAT-LIKE INTO THE HOLD...
THIS TUB'S PUTTING OUT TO SEA— I CAN HEAR THE SAIL WINCHES TURNING!
THERE IT IS - THE SHIP'S STEERING WHEEL- NOW TO GIVE IT A FEW TURNS—
HOT SALAMANDERS! I THOUGHT SO- A SECRET DOOR!
VERY INTERESTING- A PASSAGEWAY RUNNING ALONG BETWEEN FALSE HULL AND THE OUTSIDE BOARDS
I'VE COME TO THE END OF THE PASSAGEWAY THERE'S A LIGHT AHEAD AND THIS WALK IS SLOPING DOWNWARD

THE WATER KING COMES UPON A STARTLING SCENE . .
OH—HO A FALSE HOLD AND THERE'S CAPTAIN KALE AT A CONTROL BOARD
WELL, I'LL BE - THIS TUB'S SOME KIND OF A FRONT FOR SOMETHING — SAY- THAT HISSING SOUND—
YE GADS! THE FLOOR'S OPENING INTO THE WATER!!!
I GET IT! COMPRESSED AIR KEEPS THE WATER OUT— THIS IS SOME KIND OF A HUGE AIR LOCK— BUT FOR WHAT?
PRINCE NAMOR'S QUESTION IS SOON ANSWERED!
A U-BOAT!

PRINCE NAMOR WATCHES A CURIOUS OPERATION
HOOK THE SUB AND LIFT AWAY!
JA!
WINCHES GRIND AND THE PONDEROUS SUB IS LIFTED HALF WAY OUT OF THE WATER ..
HOLD IT! - THAT'S SUFFICIENT!
HEIL HITLER CAPTAIN KALE!
HEIL HITLER! I TRUST YOUR JOURNEY WAS UNEVENTFUL
JA! WE ESCAPED DER ALLIED ANTI-SUBMARINE PATROLS ALL THE WAY FROM DER FATHERLAND!
GOOD! AH! HERE ARE YOUR TORPEDOES!
MEANWHILE...
IT'S ALL TOO CLEAR NOW! THIS SCHOONER IS A MOTHER SHIP FOR A FLEET OF U-BOATS... SUPPLIES THEM WITH FUEL AND TORPEDOES
JUST THEN ..
THE TORPEDO!
DONNER! IT SLIPPED OUT OF THE CRADLE!
BY THE FATHOMS - IT'S COMING THIS WAY!

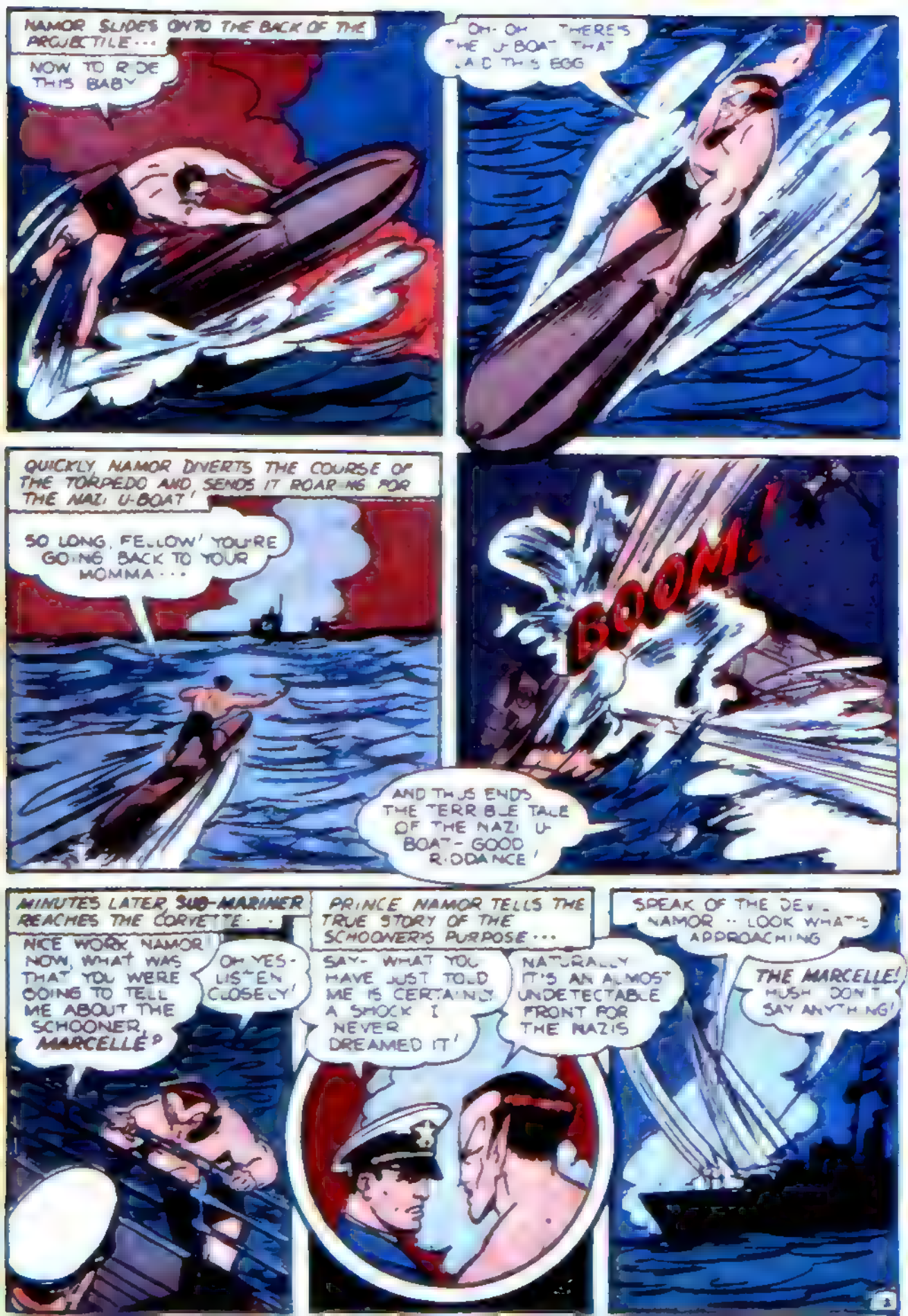
DASHING OUT OF HIS SHELTER, PRINCE NAMOR LEAPS FOR THE FALLING TORPEDO
I DON'T FEEL LIKE BEING BLOWN UP YET!
HIS BRUTE STRENGTH STOPS THE TIN FISH...
WHOAH, THERE!
THE SUB-MARINER!
BLITZEN! HE SAVED OUR LIVES!
YEAH- THAT'S A SHAME!
AS THE WATER PRINCE REPLACES THE TORPEDO...
BACK TO BED, BIG BOY!
ACH! WHAT A CATCH TO TAKE BACK TO DER FATHERLAND!
BUT, THE WARY SUB-MARINER WHIRLS AND--
SORRY, BUT I DETEST GERMANY!
OWW!
GET HIM!
JA- GET DER SUB-MARINER!
OH-BOY!- THIS IS TURNING OUT TO BE A JAMBOREE!
AN INFURIATED PRINCE WADES INTO BATTLE!
THERE'S NO SWEETER SOUND THAN THAT OF MY FISTS CRACKING NAZI JAWS!
SOCK!
BAM!
BIFF!

MAD ENOUGH SEA TRAMPS?
THIS ANCHOR- MUST WEIGH ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS-
THIS WILL STOP YOU!
THE EVIL CAPTAIN KALE BRINGS THE ANCHOR DOWN ON NAMOR'S HEAD!
BANG
AH! WHAT A PRIZE WE'LL PUT HIM ABOARD THE SUB AND HEAD BACK FOR GERMANY AS SOON AS WE FINISH UNLOADING OUR CARGO...
SPLENDID! THE FEURHER WILL BE HIGHLY PLEASED-
SOME TIME LATER...
OOOOH— WHAT A HEAD!
HEY! LOOKS LIKE I'M IN THE BRIG OF A SUBMARINE!
UGH! MOST OF MY STRENGTH IS GONE! I NEED WATER- CAN'T BUDGE THESE BARS AN INCH...
HEARING SUB-MARINER'S ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE, CAPTAIN PRUDE ENTERS THE COMPARTMENT
AH! OUR PET GOLD-FISH IS AWAKE, NEIN?
LISTEN, SOUR GRAPES- GIVE ME SOME WATER
NEIN! NEIN! TO GIVE YOU WATER WOULD GIVE YOU STRENGTH- YOU WILL NOT RECEIVE A DROP UNTIL WE REACH GERMANY!
WHY, YOU OLD SEA GOAT! I'LL—

SUDDENLY NAMOR AND THE NAZI CAPTAIN ARE THROWN OFF BALANCE...
BOOM!
ACH! DEPTH CHARGES! WE'VE BEEN LOCATED— —DIVE TO ONE HUNDRED FATHOMS!
OOPS! LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE DOOMED, NAZI!
ON THE SURFACE, A SLEEK CORVETTE STALKS U-BOAT PREY.
FIRE PORT AND STARBOARD CHARGES!
BOOM!
BOOM!
THE TWO CANS OF T.N.T EXPLODE CLOSE TO THE NAZI PIG BOAT..
WHOMP!
WHOMP!
THE EXPLOSION TEARS A HOLE IN THE PRISON COMPARTMENT...
HURRY MEIN COMMANDER!
SEAL DER COMPARTMENT AS SOON AS I COME THROUGH!
HAH! HA! RUN, YOU FILTHY DOG! RUN, BECAUSE MY PRAYER HAS BEEN ANSWERED— WATER!
YIPE! JUST MADE IT!
JA!— BUT DER PRISONER, MEIN COMMANDER?
PRINCE NAMOR IS ALTOGETHER HAPPY IN HIS ENVIRONMENT...
AH, WATER! MY STRENGTH IS FLOODING BACK—
FORTIFIED WITH NEW VIGOR, NAMOR MAKES SHORT WORK OF THE BARS TO HIS CELL.
NAZIS— HERE I COME!

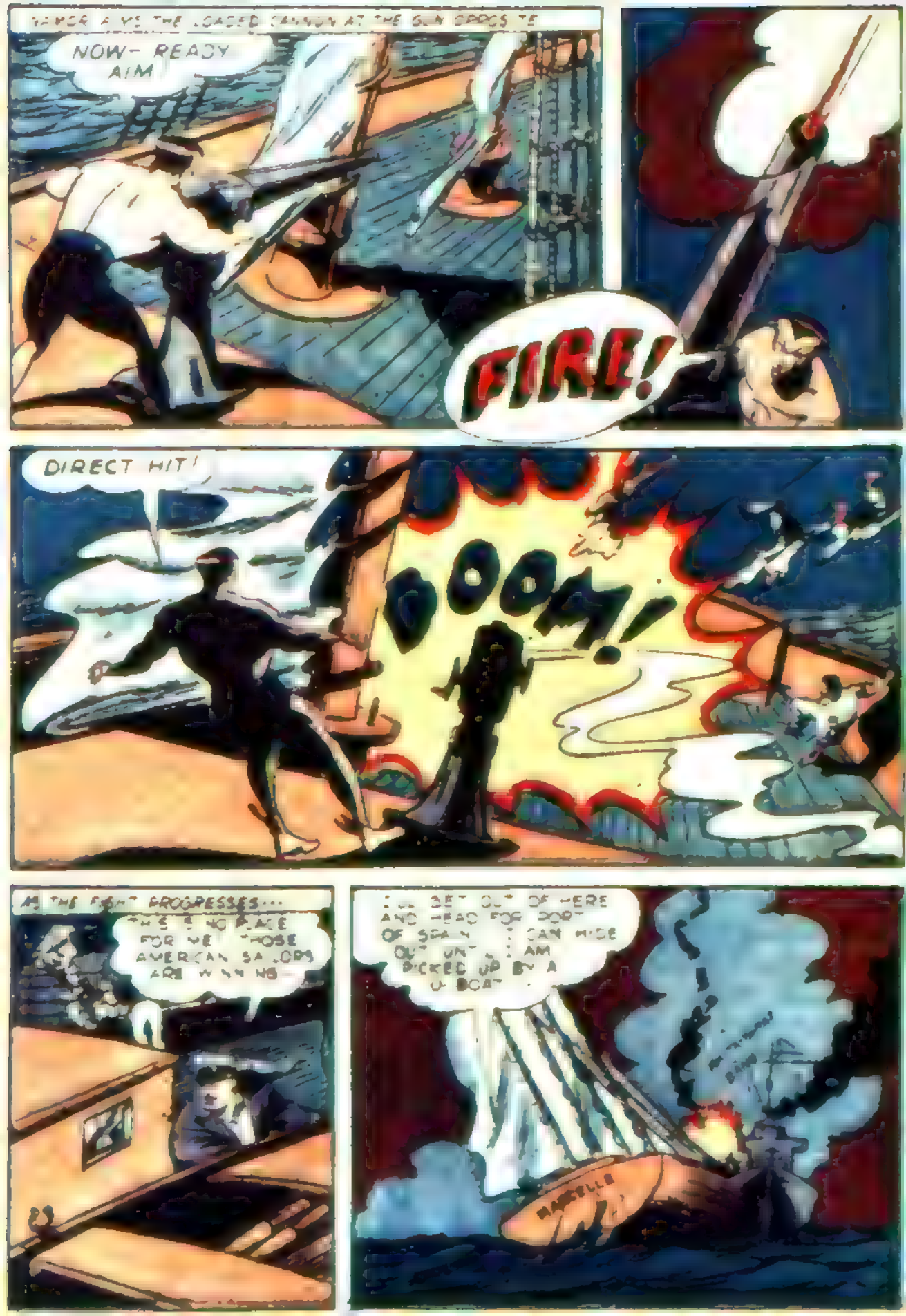
HMM·· SO THEY CLOSED THE SEA DOOR TO KEEP THE WATER OUT, EH?
THE WATER PRINCE SMASHES INTO THE DOOR AND IT TEARS APART!
WELL, I'M LETTING IT IN!
CRUNCH
WE MAY DIE, BUT YOU'RE COMING WITH US, SUB-MARINER!
OH, YEAH?
I HATE TO CHANGE YOUR PLANS-
AIEEEE
THE BRAWNY NAMOR HURLS CAPTAIN PRUDE TO HIS DOOM···
-BUT YOU WERE WRONG FROM THE START!
CRACK!
SWISH!
Just then···
OH·OH! THE WATER PRESSURE HAS TORN THIS BIG BOAT IN TWO!
RRR-12!
THE TWO HALVES SINK TO THE OCEAN BED AND NAMOR SWIMS AWAY FROM THE WRECK AS THE ENGINES EXPLODE!
NO PLACE LIKE DAVEY JONES' LOCKER FOR NAZI U-BOATS!
BOOM!

THEN, AS NAMOR BREAKS THE SURFACE ..
SWOOM!
OUCH! THAT SOUNDS LIKE AN EXPLODING TORPEDO
SWIFT STROKES CARRY PRINCE NAMOR TO A SCENE OF ACTION
A TORPEDOED SHIP! THERE MUST BE ANOTHER U-BOAT AROUND HERE!
THING
A CORVETTE- WONDER IF IT COULD BE LIEUTENANT COMMANDER DALE!... AHOY THERE!
AHOY, SUB-MARINER!
WELL- WHERE DID YOU DISAPPEAR TO IN PORT OF SPAIN?
I WENT BACK TO THE SCHOONER WHAT I HAVE TO TELL YOU WILL KNOCK YOUR EYE OUT
BUT-
TORPEDO OFF PORT!
SAVE IT, NAMOR- WE'LL HAVE TO DODGE THIS FISH COMING!
I'LL DO BETTER THAN THAT!
HEY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
JUST WATCH ME!
THE PLUCKY SEA PRINCE HEADS FOR THE ONCOMING TORPEDO!
AH- HELLO LITTLE MAN!


NAMOR SLIDES ONTO THE BACK OF THE PROJECTILE...
NOW TO RIDE THIS BABY
OH-OH THERE'S THE U-BOAT THAT LAID THIS EGG
QUICKLY NAMOR DIVERTS THE COURSE OF THE TORPEDO AND SENDS IT ROARING FOR THE NAZI U-BOAT!
SO LONG, FELLOW! YOU'RE GOING BACK TO YOUR MOMMA...
BOOM!
AND THUS ENDS THE TERRIBLE TALE OF THE NAZI U-BOAT - GOOD RIDDANCE!
MINUTES LATER, SUB-MARINER REACHES THE CORVETTE...
NICE WORK NAMOR! NOW, WHAT WAS THAT YOU WERE GOING TO TELL ME ABOUT THE SCHOONER, MARCELLE?
OH YES - LISTEN CLOSELY!
PRINCE NAMOR TELLS THE TRUE STORY OF THE SCHOONER'S PURPOSE...
SAY - WHAT YOU HAVE JUST TOLD ME IS CERTAINLY A SHOCK! I NEVER DREAMED IT!
NATURALLY IT'S AN ALMOST UNDETECTABLE FRONT FOR THE NAZIS
SPEAK OF THE DEVIL - NAMOR - LOOK WHAT'S APPROACHING
THE MARCELLE! HUSH! DON'T SAY ANYTHING!

THE SCHOONER DRAWS CLOSER···
AHOY LIEUTENANT DALE— I'VE COME TO HELP TAKE IN SURVIVORS
VERY WELL, CAPTAIN KALE PULL ALONGSIDE
MEANWHILE, SUB-MARINER BOARDS THE CRAFT···
WHILE DALE KEEPS THE CAPTAIN BUSY, I WANT TO MAKE THIS PIG BOAT LAIR USELESS!
···AND GAINS THE HOLD OF THE SHIP
AH— THERE'S THE CONTROL WHEEL THAT WILL LET ME INTO THE FALSE HOLD— BUT, I'LL HAVE TO GET RID OF THAT GUARD—
SEIZING A TRAILING CHAIN, NAMOR SWINGS AND···
SAY, GOODBYE, NAZI!
OOF!
WHAM!
FLO
THEN IN THE SECRET COMPARTMENT, NAMOR DOES HEAVY DAMAGE!
THIS SHOULD DO IT I'LL OPEN UP THE BOTTOM PLATES, BUT WON'T PUT ON THE COMPRESSED AIR— AHH··· SHE'S STARTING TO FLOOD ALREADY!
NOW SHE'S BEGINNING TO LIST. NEXT, I'LL FIND CAPTAIN KALE— AND WE'LL HAVE AN AIR EXPOSE!

ON DECK, CAPTAIN KALE IS FUMING...
MY BOAT'S STARTING TO LIST.. SOMETHING'S WRONG!
Then...
SURE, CAPTAIN KALE- YOU'RE ALL WRONG FOR TEAMING WITH THE NAZI RATS!
SUB-MARINER! HOW???
UNCOVER THE GUNS! LOAD AND OPEN FIRE ON THE CORVETTE AND ON THAT FOOL, SUB-MARINER!
FALSE CABINS DROP PARTITIONS TO DISPLAY TWO MENACING GUNS...
WOW! JUST LIKE A Q-BOAT!
FIRE!
BOOM!
OOPS! MISSED ME!
WHEEE
AS THE GUN IS RELOADED, PRINCE NAMOR CHARGES FORWARD...
ONE CHANCE IS ALL YOU GET, BUMS!
STAND ASIDE AND LET A REAL GUNNER SHOOT!
BAM!
CRACK!


NOW- READY AIM
FIRE!
DIRECT HIT!
OOOM!
AS THE FIGHT PROGRESSES...
THERE'S NO PLACE FOR ME THOSE AMERICAN SAILORS ARE WINNING
I'LL SET OUT OF HERE AND HEAD FOR PORT OF SPAIN : CAN HIDE OUT UNTIL : AM PICKED UP BY A U-BOAT
RAPELLE

BUT, THE PRINCE OF THE SEAS HAS SPOTTED KALE...
DESERTING THE SHIP, EH, RATS?
YOU!
MARCE
YES, ME! AND IF YOU'RE SO INTERESTED IN GETTING INTO THAT BOAT...
NAMOR SLAMS THE CAPTAIN INTO THE BOAT!
WELL— GET INTO IT!
EEEEEE!
IT'S ALL OVER, NAMOR... THE CREW'S SURRENDERED!
SO DID CAPTAIN KALE. YOU'LL FIND HIM DOWN THERE KISSING SOME PLANKS!
A SHORT TIME LATER...
WELL, DALE... HERE COMES THE PRIZE FISH!
YES, AND WE'LL PICKLE HIM AS A PRISONER OF WAR!
THE CORVETTE HEADS BACK TO PORT WITH THE CAPTURED PRISONERS AND THE WATER-LOGGED SCHOONER IN TOW.
AND THIS ENDS THE LAIR OF THE PIG BOATS—
WELL SAID, NAMOR, AND WELL DONE!
SUBMARINER CAN ALWAYS DO A GOOD JOB ON HIS ENEMIES AND PARTICULARLY ON THOSE FOES OF FREEDOM WHO ARE TAKING LIBERTY FROM MEN AND GIVING ONLY BONDAGE IN RETURN!
DO YOUR BIT--
BUY ALL THE BONDS AND STAMPS YOU CAN!

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